THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XVII. R. BONNER, {EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, NO. 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK, JULY 20, 1861. TERMS, {$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 20.

LINES TO THE LADY

FROM WHOM I BORROWED THE PLAY OF PIZARRO.

(WRITTEN ON RETURNING THE BOOK.)

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

All that man should be to woman,
In his friendship true,
All that Rolla was to Cora,
I would be to you,
For you have a noble nature,
Golden as Peru.

Don Alonzo married Cora,
Well her heart he knew,
But his friendship was for Rolla,
Faithful, leal and true—
Feelings he approved in Cora,
I discern in you.

In this strange, romantic story,
My devotion view:
Rolla gave his life for Cora
And Alonzo too—
So would I, with the same motive,
Peril mine for you.

Men their homage pay to women,
And with love pursue;
But long since my heart for ever
Bade to love adieu:—
All I have on earth is friendship—
That I give to you.

THE △ TRIAD;

OR,

ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION

BY LIEUT. HENRY L. LANGFORD.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]

CHAPTER I.

THE FOREST.

It was the crisis of the great American Revolution. It was the time when the two opposing causes had mustered their utmost power, and were preparing for the final and the decisive struggle. The hand of war lay heavy upon all, and the land groaned under the accumulated ills of years of strife.

In addition to the great contending parties in this momentous strife, there were others, composed of the lowest and basest of mankind, who took advantage of the distracted state of affairs to add to the general ills, and indiscriminately plunder their helpless countrymen. Under such fantastic names as "Cow Boys" and "Skinners," they wandered in roving bands, enveloping the country in ruin and conflagration.

A large district in the neighborhood of New York was thus overrun by these miscreants. Life became uncertain, property valueless, and a hostile army itself was not so much dreaded as they.

The sun was slowly setting on a sultry summer day in the year 1780, when a strange company came upon the scene, on the road that ran between New York and Philadelphia.

It was a war party of Indians, about thirty in number. They were all stalwart men, remarkable for stature and agility; their bodies were hideously painted, and covered with the grotesque war gear that the savage loves. They passed quickly onward with a pace which was half running and half walking, and as they went they dragged with them a young white man, whose despairing face and pinioned arms showed that he was a prisoner.

All around were the primeval woods, deep, dark, and hid in an impenetrable shade, whose gloom deepened every moment with the gathering twilight. In the distance rose hills which were clothed in their forest robes up to their very summits. The winding road was the only sign of human handiwork in all the scene.

Soon a light gleamed in the distance. With an exclamation of satisfaction the Indians quickened their pace. Passing rapidly down a long descent, they followed a turn in the road, and there, in an opening of the forest, they halted directly in front of an immense fire.

Close beside the fire there stood two men of striking appearance.

One was dressed as an Indian chief. Tall, sinewy, and athletic, he seemed the beau ideal of a savage warrior. His face, however, presented a singular contradiction of expressions. His eye was as keen and quick as light, but it was full of intelligence; his features were Indian in their outline, yet they had all that mobility and expressiveness which is the result of civilization. His air, also, his gestures and manner as he talked with his companion, were rather those of an Englishman than an Indian brave.

His companion was evidently an American, and he was dressed in common country clothing. His manner was that of one accustomed to command, his voice was imperious, his eye black and flashing.

Between those two men there was a certain marvellous resemblance. It was not so much in material outline of feature, as in that subtle spiritual likeness which nature stamps upon the faces of a family.

These two men were so absorbed in their own conversation that they did not notice the war party till they had come close to the fire, bringing their prisoner with them.

The American gave a careless glance at the new-comers, and then walked slowly away, his head bent on his bosom.

The chief advanced toward his men.

"Who is this?" he asked, in the Huron language.

"A messenger," said a tall warrior, roughly.

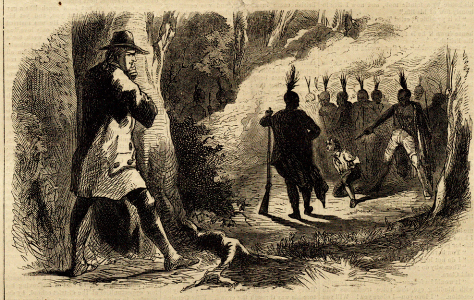
"Who sent him?"

"Washington."

"Where was he going?"

"To his French brother with this message."

Saying this, the savage held out a package to his chief. The latter took it. He opened it with a calm and almost careless manner, and after glancing hastily through the contents, he walked over toward the American, and said, in perfectly good English—



THE VICTIM OF THE TRIAD.

"There is not anything new in this. You've sent them word already."

At these words the prisoner uttered a cry.

"Save me! save me! My God! you must be an Englishman——"

"Peace," shouted the chief. "If you want to live, you had better keep quiet."

"But surely—surely," cried the young man, who was scarcely more than a boy, "you will not leave me in the hands of these fiends? For mercy's sake, loosen these cords."

"Cords!" cried the chief, with a terrible emphasis. "You will soon learn another use for cords."

"It is not for myself that I care," said the poor boy, "but for my mother. She has only me——"

"Peace, I tell you."

"That despatch had nothing harmful in it," continued the prisoner. "You said just now that you had sent word before."

"Ha!" shouted the chief, advancing close to the lad. "You heard that, did you? Then you have spoken your own doom!"

The American also started, and came toward the prisoner.

The latter was as pale as death at the chief's last words, but no sooner had he seen the American than he gave a shout of joy.

"General Arnold!" he cried, in an ecstasy of delight.

It was now the American's turn to grow pale.

"What?" he cried, in a low voice.

"Oh, save me—*you* will. Do you not remember me? I marched with you to Canada—I was by your side on the plains of Abraham—and at Montreal—and at St. Johns. My glorious General! do you not remember the drummer-boy, Tom Poole? Do you not remember how I charged with you against Burgoyne?"

A tempest of conflicting emotions passed over Arnold's brow. As the boy paused, they were succeeded by a deep cloud.

"Boy," said he, "I have buried the past out of my remembrance forever."

"What!" exclaimed the lad, as he reeled under this cruel blow. "Will you disown me, and leave me to the mercies of these fierce savages?"

"I am done with mercy," said Arnold, sternly; "I seek now only revenge."

"This to me," faltered the boy, "from *you?* Oh, my General!"

"Even so," said Arnold, sternly. "Friend is a word that I do not know. I cannot create any exceptional pity for you. Better friends than you must fall before long."

The lad looked long and earnestly in Arnold's face, but found there no ray of hope. His suspense was followed by despair.

And now, in his despair, all boyish weakness vanished. Finding death inevitable, he summoned up all his fortitude to meet it like a hero.

"If you doom me," he said, "you doom your country! Remember that, General Arnold."

"Be it so."

"I am in the service of my country. If I die, it will be for her, and my blood and my country's curse will fall on you."

"I will survive it," sneered Arnold.

"False traitor!" cried the boy, in a frenzy of indignation, "will you dare to betray the holy cause of Liberty at such a time as this?"

"Gondo," said Arnold, quietly, "I think I will leave you to finish this conversation. It is your affair. I don't control you. I have nothing at all to do with it. You will have to do just as you please."

"Oh, my country!" cried the boy. "Would that my death could compensate for this man's treason!"

"It would take a thousand lives like your's to do that."

"Would that I had a thousand lives," said the boy, "how gladly I would lay them down."

"Enough!" said the chief, whom Arnold had called Gondo; "warriors, assemble."

The Indians obeyed.

"Prisoner," said Gondo, as the Indians assembled in a ring around the fire, "you are in the hands of a tribunal devoted to the interests of his Majesty King George. We have but one sentence for those whom we capture, and we only capture those for whom that sentence is appropriate. Our aim is to extinguish disloyalty, and quench rebellion."

"You are worthy subjects of King George," said the prisoner, scornfully, glancing at the savages; "he is partial to such as you."

"We are very useful to him."

"Yet the time will come when this afflicted land will be fully avenged," said the lad, with kindling eyes.

"There is revenge to be had all around," said Gondo. "Who am I? Have I no revenges?" and his eyes blazed with intense lustre.

"You may take a few lives, but freedom will conquer at last. I am glad to give mine for my country. Merciless wretch, more merciless than these ignorant savages with whom you associate, as sure as there is a God in Heaven you will one day meet with a fit retribution."

Gondo gave a sinister smile.

"It is evident that it would never do to let you escape," said he; "you know too much. You might recognize us to our injury if we let you off."

"It would indeed be to your injury, wretch. I defy you. I care not how much you may torture me, and not even if you burn me at the stake."

"You are quite mistaken about us," said Gondo, with a sarcastic smile; "torture and burning are too barbarous by far for us. We merely extinguish life in the simplest manner."

While the chief was speaking, and even while the lad was preparing to answer, the end came.

A huge savage stepped up behind the prisoner. There was a sudden report, and the undaunted soul of the drummer-boy had joined the army of martyrs.

The report rang wildly and terribly through the forest, waking innumerable echoes, and flowing far away in long reverberations. As the last sounds ceased, Arnold walked up to where the body lay.

For a few moments he regarded it in silence, with folded arms.

"Poor lad!" he murmured. "It was hard to condemn you, and refuse your prayers, but it would have been ruin to save you. Yet I am not responsible. If I had not been here you would as certainly have perished."

He paused and looked around. "And this," he said pensively, "is the beginning. Where will it end? But away with such thoughts as these. There is no remedy for me. Ruin presses me from behind. Revenge for all my wrongs incites me from before. Onward—and let all who are in my path perish."

After further conversation with Gondo, Arnold prepared to depart. One by one the Indians went away, their dusky figures melting like shadows in the surrounding gloom, until at last all the scene was deserted, and nothing was left but the prostrate form of the dead, faintly illuminated by the last flickering rays of the expiring fire.

CHAPTER II.

GONDO.

A few hours afterwards the stillness was broken by the thunder of horsehoofs over the stony road. The moon had risen, and was shining brightly downward as the rider approached the opening in the forest. The smoke of the dying fire arrested his attention, and, reigning up his horse, he regarded it fixedly.

At length he caught sight of the body of the youth. Uttering an exclamation, he turned his horse toward it.

Upon reaching the spot, he dismounted, and turned the face round, so that the full rays of the moon were cast directly upon it. Scarcely had he done so than he uttered a cry.

"Tom Poole!" he cried; "poor, poor fellow. Have you come to this?"

He examined it then more closely. He distinguished the mortal wound, and felt that the heart had ceased to beat forever; and upon the top of the head he found the trace of the remoreless savage—the trace of the scalping knife. But this was a peculiar mark, for it was cut off in the shape of a triangle, and the scalp was fastened on the breast of the dead.

"The Triad!" cried the new comer.

"Oh, assassins! Whoever ye be, base cowards, that strike in the dark. Would that I had a few resolute souls to follow me so that I might trace you out. I would find you then, even if it were in the very heart of the British camp."

"Too late!" he continued. "I can do nothing here, and time presses. I must away."

Hastily mounting his horse, he continued his journey at the same rapid pace.

He was a young man, with fine martial figure, and handsome, open-hearted face, with hair that clustered round his brow like the locks of Antinous. He was dressed in the uniform of captain in the Continental army, and was armed to encounter the dangers of the road.

His horse was a powerful animal, which kept on for a long time at one rapid rate of speed, until the dawn gradually woke over the eastern hills. By this time he drew near to a village.

There the wearied rider stopped and slept for a few hours. Rising again, he went out, and prepared to resume his journey. While thus engaged, a man drew near, who clapped him brusquely on the shoulder, exclaiming:

"Hallo, Harry Temple! Why I thought you were at West Point."

"Captain Gondo," cried Temple, looking up and smilingly shaking hands. "How are you? Yes, I was at West Point, but I had to leave on important business."

"Whither?"

"To Philadelphia."

"Despatches?"

"Yes."

"And when did you come through?"

"Last night."

"Last night!"—a perceptible shadow passed over Gondo's face—"how many were with you?"

"None."

"None? Did you come alone?"

"Yes."

"It was the boldest thing you ever did. I hear the Tories are out, all through the intervening country."

"I believe they must be," said Temple sadly.

"Did you hear or see anything of them," asked Gondo, with unfeigned anxiety.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"At Jenken's Opening, a lonely place too," said Temple, with a slight shudder. "I found there the dead body of as noble-hearted and as true a fellow as ever breathed. Poor Tom Poole."

"Tom Poole!" cried Gondo. "I have heard of him. He was a brave little fellow. And do you say that he was killed?"

"Foully killed."

"How?"

"By that assassin's band—the Triad."

"Good heavens!"

"He was alone, and had been assassinated."

"What wretches!"

"I feel as though he calls on me to avenge him. If I can obtain leave, I will take a band of resolute men and hunt out these villains, if I have to march through the whole country."

"And I will join you," cried Gondo, with a fine burst of indignation. "Count on me, first of all, my dear Temple."

"I will—I will. To tell the truth, I did think of you as the first man that I would ask."

"That's right. And if we could get enough men I would like nothing better than to hunt out every 'Cow-boy' also, and hang every man of them up from the nearest tree."

"Ah, if the men could only be spared!"

"And why can they not?"

"Because every soldier is wanted. The army is concentrating, you know, so as to act with the French, in striking a decisive blow upon the British. But you know all this as well as I. Have you not got your orders?"

"Oh, yes."

"And when are you going?"

"I'm going to Philadelphia this morning," said Gondo.

"Are you," cried Temple, with delight. "Then we can go together."

"Yes, if you can wait three hours for me."

"Three hours!" and Temple's countenance fell. "My dear Gondo, I cannot wait three minutes."

"Are you in such a hurry?"

"Yes, I cannot wait another moment."

"And, unfortunately, I have much to do here before I go," said the other.

"Well, well, I'm very sorry; but we'll meet again soon," said Temple, who now mounted his horse. Bidding his companion adieu, the young soldier put spurs to his horse and was off like a flash.

Gondo watched him in silence for some time. His dark complexion, sharp and jet black eyes, and thin aquiline nose, all hightened the sinister expression of his face. As he stood watching the rapidly departing rider, another joined him.

"The Continental uniform is more becoming than the dress of a Sachem," said the new-comer, with his usual sneer. Gondo turned and saw Arnold.

"When you go to West Point you will do well to get rid of that man," said he.

"I have been thinking so."

"He would be very apt to interfere in any plans."

"I must see to it."

"What time will you start for Philadelphia?"

"Immediately."

CHAPTER III.

WASHINGTON AND HIS STAFF.

In a chamber in Philadelphia there was at that time an illustrious company. Here Harry Temple had gone immediately upon his arrival, and here he now communicated what he had to tell.

"This Triad gang," said General Knox, bluntly, "seems to be worse than any of them. There is an air of bravado about their system of marking their victims which is maddening to think of. They cannot be Indians, or they would carry the scalp away; and yet I can scarcely bring myself to believe that any white men could be found who would thus make themselves savages."

"Oh," exclaimed De La Luzerne, the French Envoy, "is it not worse to kill a man than to scalp him?"

"But to scalp their victims adds to the atrocity of the crime," cried Knox.

"My friends," said Lafayette, "it is a painful fact, not only that civil war is more bitter than all other wars, but that the civilized man far surpasses the savage in excess of cruelty when he gives himself up to his passions. In this war our enemies stop at nothing; and not content with hiring savages to fight for them, they rival the savages themselves in cruelty."

"Oh, for the hour when we shall close with them finally," cried Knox.

"It is not far distant," said Lafayette.

"Our combined forces will be irresistible."

"And all the more so since they fight the battles of glorious Freedom."

"We have had some glorious triumphs; but the greatest of them all is yet to come."

"Yes; in our present state, when we meet them, victory will be certain."

"But, I confess, I would give more for the annihilation of these gangs of assassins, than for a victory over the entire British army."

"Let us achieve the greater first, and then we can accomplish the less."

"I hope our glorious Arnold will have his part to perform," said De La Luzerne, who had a deep admiration for that general.

"His fiery nature," said Lafayette, "has unfortunately made him many enemies; but in battle he is a hero."

"Yes; in battle," cried Luzerne, "he is a Bayard—sans peur, et sans reproache."

"His troubles have been bad for the common cause."

"And they have greatly embittered his own soul."

Meanwhile the leader of them all sat quietly among them, absorbed in thought. No man ever impressed others with such deep feelings of reverence as did Washington. All bowed to him with involuntary confession of his superiority. His calm and comprehensive spirit seemed to dwell upon a plane above the reach of common minds, whence he could look out upon a wider field of view than could be grasped by others. This large insight into men and things gave him knowledge of all the difficulties before him, but also showed him the distant goal, clearly and plainly.

"Gentlemen," said he, "a few assassinations may startle us, but need not make us despair. There are more dangerous things than murders. I find that, by some means or other, some of our most vital secrets are divulged to the enemy."

The whole company gave an involuntary start.

"Secrets, gentlemen, which should only be known to a very few of us, are already quite familiar to Sir Henry Clinton. It would not be so bad were these gained from despatches that the enemy may chance to take. But there are certain things which have never been committed to despatches, or writing of any kind, and these have been in some way communicated to him. Traitors must be around us, and spies in our midst, whom we do not dream of. And yet who the traitor is, baffles my comprehension; I only know that the thing must be. Time only can tell us more. Meanwhile we will have to be more than ever on the watch!"

At this intelligence a deep silence fell upon all.

Washington resumed in a kind of half soliloquy:

"The easiest part of this war is that which we wage against the British; the most difficult and dangerous that which is carried on among ourselves. To meet in battle, to guide armies, to attack, or to defend, all this is easy and inspiring. The soul grows strong with such an exercise. But to battle with prejudice, jealousy, envy, and discouragements of every kind, to find apathy instead of zeal, and sullen discontent instead of earnest support—to be checked, thwarted, betrayed, in every way, and to see ten new difficulties rise up in the place of every one that has been removed—this, my friends, is a hard and a terrible fight."

"Yes," said Lafayette, whose generous and sympathetic nature entered instinctively into all the difficulties of his great associate—"Yes—and it is a struggle that gives no fame. If we are overcome we are disgraced, and if we conquer them we gain no glory, for this kind of enemy is not visible to the general world."

"Concerning these secrets, gentlemen," pursued Washington, "which have been divulged to the enemy, I have been forced to one conclusion, and it is rather a fearful one. Each branch of this treasonable correspondence may seem to be isolated, and unimportant. But I am sorry to say that it is not so. They seem to be the scattered outworks of one grand and comprehensive plot. That plot has not yet been completed, although it is rapidly developing itself. What may be the inner core and essence of this I cannot tell, but I have already imagined the result, if it is successfully carried out——"

"What, what!" cried all breathlessly.

"Ruin," said Washington with impressive tones. "Deep, and utter, and lasting ruin to us and all our hopes."

The company eyed one another in dismay. Such language as this from such a man sank with fearful weight into their hearts. It was all the worse since he finally confessed that he could not even imagine who the traitor was, or what was the central aim of all these minor treacheries.

"I have tried to discover messengers but in vain. I have wondered whether this new gang that calls itself the 'Triad' may not be concerned in it. But who knows anything about the Triad?"

"No one," said Knox, "no one. Every one who has seen them has died, and received their mark on his scalp."

"It will never do to let this thing go on in this way," said Lafayette. "If this band is so dangerous, exterminate it."

At this Harry Temple started.

"This gang unites the cruelty of the savage," said Washington, "with the skill of the white man. Do you not see, gentlemen, how they are already affecting the minds of the people? The leader of this gang has evidently heard of the ancient '*Vehmegericht*.'"

"The *Vehmegericht!*" cried Lafayette. "So it it is. It is arising again on a small scale in America."

"Small now, but who knows where it may end.

"Their leader evidently understands the minds of men. Mystery, and cruelty, and darkness, can always excite the fear of the multitude."

By this time Harry Temple had caught the eye of Washington, who saw that he wished to speak, and kindly encouraged him.

"If men could be spared," said Harry in modest but eager tones, "I would like to lead a company to find out these miscreants—I know some bold spirits that would accompany me, and I think we could learn something of them."

The company listened approvingly—Washington alone did not seem to assent.

"If our men," said he, "were more numerous I would let you go at once on this duty. But they are few, and every man is wanted for the coming conflict."

Harry Temple understood the General's meaning and bowed.

"Perhaps, however," said Washington, "after this present movement is made we may have some time to devote to these fellows, and then the commission shall be yours."

Harry Temple was overwhelmed with delight at the appreciation of his abilities, though disappointed at not being able to use them immediately. Other thoughts, however, soon took possession of his mind.

In a little while he took his departure and went out into the streets. With brightened eye and quick step he paced along.

"I wonder how she will receive me," said he. And with this thought he knocked at the door of a fine mansion, in the upper part of the city.

"Is Miss Wells at home?"

"Yes," replied the servant, and the young officer entered.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LOVERS.

After waiting for a few moments in the principal room the door opened, and a young lady entered. Her graceful figure and lovely face might well have excited the young man's admiration, and won his love. As she greeted him, her face showed a slight embarrassment, which made her all the more charming.

She could not have been over seventeen, and she had a fresh, frank manner, and a girlish laugh that was fascinating in the extreme.

"Is your father at home now?" asked Temple.

"Yes, he is in the city; but he is not in the house," said she, with a slight blush, "or you would not be sitting so quietly in this room."

"Has he not relented toward me?"

"No; not at all. But, indeed, I do not think that he gives you a thought now. His mind is all engrossed in business."

"His political feelings, I suppose, are as strong as ever?"

"Yes, quite as strong," and the young girl's face became filled with anxiety. "I do not know what will become of us in this place. My father does not dare to open his lips now; but I'm afraid he will get into trouble."

"Oh, if he remains quiet he will not get into trouble," said Temple cheerily; and then to remove the anxiety which his fair companion showed, he recounted to her the events of his journey. She listened with breathless attention.

"Who is this Gondo?" she asked at length.

"Do you not know him?"

"Oh, yes; I have seen him here. But who or what is he? His swarthy face makes him look like an Arab, but his accent and manner are English. Besides, he is well educated, and well informed. He would be an agreeable companion if he were not so terrible."

"His complexion is rather dark, I confess. I don't know what country he can belong to."

"I think he is an Arab."

"But his whole manner is English."

"Is he a friend of yours?" she asked.

"Yes," said Temple, "though we are not devoted to each other. He is a pleasant companion, and we have often met."

"Do you think he is a man to be trusted?"

"Well—as much as people generally are," said Temple, with a smile. "But if you dislike him I will avoid him."

"Oh!" said the other, with a little confusion, "do not be influenced by me."

"But how can I help it?"

"I do not know what you mean."

"Do you not Clara?" said the young man, in a deep tone of voice, drawing his chair nearer to her.

But Clara did not seem to invite any confidences. Indeed, she seemed to dread them. She looked around in a kind of dismay.

"Clara," again said Temple, in deep emotion.

Her eyes met his for one moment—his, earnest, adoring; hers filled in all their dark depth with a strange expression, as though affection struggled with maiden timidity. It was but for an instant, however. The next moment she made a desperate effort to change the course of conversation.

"What can this Gondo be?" she said, slowly, looking downward as she spoke.

But Temple could not now be diverted from his aim. His whole soul was roused. He had called her by her own name, which he so dearly loved. He must now tell her all.

"Will you listen to me for one moment," he asked, imploringly, "dearest Clara?"

Clara again caught his eye, and her face flamed into confusion.

At length she started abruptly from her chair.

"There! there! He is pursued!" she cried, in a half distracted manner.

"Who! what?"

"My father! Oh, I am so afraid."

She leaned against the window, and looked up the street.

"There is nothing there," said Temple, with some vexation.

"But my father has already been pursued to his house by a frantic mob, and now I live in hourly fear of his life."

"Is it possible?" cried Temple, in surprise.

"Yes. They have threatened to burn the house down if he is found communicating with the British."

"But he wouldn't do that, would he?" asked Temple.

"I'm afraid—I'm afraid," said Clara, "he has some secret employment."

"Then let him beware!" cried Temple, in an involuntary burst of wrath.

"Beware?" cried Clara. "And do you, too, threaten?" She started back from him.

"Threaten? Ah, no; forgive me. You misunderstood me. I only thought of the dangers to which he exposed himself."

But Clara looked coldly upon him:

"Whatever fate falls upon him," she said, with calm and resolute tone, "is shared by me. I accompany him in every danger. If he is attacked, I also will be attacked; and if I am not strong enough to fight, I am yet strong enough to die!"

Temple turned pale; he felt as though a wide gulf were opening between him and Clara.

"Call him a Tory, and a traitor," she said, passionately, "but to me he is a father, and I will be his faithful daughter through every trial!"

"Oh, Clara, I beseech you do not speak to me in such a tone. Forgive me if by any chance I have offended you. Clara, I would give my life for *your* father."

"You have no reason to love him," she said.

"I do not love him," said Temple.

"Then why do you talk about dying for him?" said Clara.

"It would be for *you*—for *you!*" cried Temple, with kindling eye, and voice tremulous with emotion. "I love you—I adore you! Will you not hear me—will you not listen to me! Give me some hope—you cannot be so cruel as to turn me away! Speak! I beseech you, Clara."

The young man paused, and, seizing her hand, he looked earnestly and imploringly at her. Clara's eyes fell beneath the ardor of his glance. She looked troubled and frightened. She gently drew her hand from his.

"Will you not give me one ray of hope?" asked Temple, with an imploring voice—"not one word——"

"Oh!" cried Clara, at last, bursting into tears, "if you do love me as you say you do—if this is true—spare me now! do not——"

But at this moment the door was flung open, and a man entered the room. He was pale and breathless. He started back as he saw Temple.

"Father! father!" exclaimed Clara, rushing up to him. "Oh! I am so glad. I have been so anxious. Have they threatened you again? Are you pursued?"

"Sir!" exclaimed Wells, looking haughtily at Temple, "have you forgotten what I told you when you were here last?"

"No, sir, I have not," said Temple.

"You seem to have done so," said Wells. "So, in order to freshen your memory, I will tell you again: You are not wanted here, sir! You are a low-born, ill-bred Rebel! Do you hear that? And if words cannot keep you away, I will try what virtue there is in kicks! That was what I told you when you were here last!" cried Wells, in a furious rage, "and that is what I tell you now!"

"Sir," said Temple, "were you any one else than the father of Clara, you would answer with your life for such an insult!"

"The father of her whom you so familiarly call 'Clara,'" said Wells, "is infinitely obliged to you for your distinguished consideration. Perhaps you find it equally convenient to have such an excuse for pocketing an insult."

Temple turned as pale as death.

"Is it not enough, sir," continued Wells, "that my life is made a torment by your associates outside? Is it not enough that I cannot walk the streets in peace? Must you, too, come to invade the privacy of my own house, to act the spy—to plot against me—to—— In the name of Heaven," cried Wells, lashing himself to fury, "are you going? I don't want to kick you out, or you will bring a mob here to sack the house. What will you take to go peaceably? Will a hundred pounds do? Speak!"

Temple uttered a terrible oath. At this painful scene Clara had clung to her father with pale face and despairing look. The deadly insult which Temple had received banished from him the last vestige of consideration for Wells.

"Miserable man!" he cried, "do you talk about spying and treason—and to me? Thank God, my name is unsullied, and the insults which you throw at me fall back upon yourself."

He turned away, not daring to speak more, for a fiery passion raged through every vein, and had Clara not been present, he would have wiped out his insult with blood. Slowly, with rigid limbs and livid face, he passed out of the house.

CHAPTER V.

LYNCH LAW.

Distracted by a thousand contending feelings, the young officer walked swiftly out into the country, and sought to soothe his ruffled spirits by vigorous and violent exercise. Yet the insults of Wells had cut him to the very soul, and could not easily be forgotten.

In vain he thought of different excuses for the old man's violence. He could not forgive him. No amount of persecution or scorn that Wells had received at the hands of others could at all excuse his infamous behavior to him.

At last he tried to think of Clara. But here he found little comfort. Did she love him. How could he tell. She had evaded his addresses, she had sought to escape his confession, and her last broken words before the interruption of their interview seemed to prohibit further attention. Should he take her at her word? Should he give her up?

Ah! what would he not give to avenge his wrongs, and wipe out his dishonor in the life-blood of Wells.

But Clara's look—so full of affection—a look whose timid meaning was unmistakable, bound him still to her. In vain he tried to give her up. Her face was before him always; and in the thronging fancies that came before him, there still was her sweet, her pure, her loving eyes.

He had walked out, and was rapidly returning by the same road. As he came back, there rose from afar a strange and portentous sound.

The road ran directly by the house of Wells; an awful thought came to his mind. Unable to endure his suspense, he started off on a full run, and soon reached a turn in the road, where all the scene burst at once upon his view.

In the few hours that had elapsed since the arrival of Harry Temple, the story of the horrible murder of poor Tom Poole had been spread throughout the whole city with a thousand accessories. From mouth to mouth the story passed, gaining new horrors, until at last the whole city had thrilled to one feeling of intense fury.

Wells had heard the story and had returned rapidly home. He had heard that it was Temple who brought the news, and felt that the effect of this tragedy would be disastrous for himself, hence his unusual rage when he saw Temple in his own house.

His fears had not been without foundation. He was one of the most bitter partizans of the British cause in the city, and was constantly under the suspicion of the rulers. Now when the news of the "Triad" gang, and the cruel tragedy which they had wrought, had spread abroad, the people rose up with one united clamor for vengeance, and every hand pointed at once at Wells. These furious passions spread like a flame from man to man, increasing in fury as it spread, until their thirst for vengeance could no longer be appeased without a victim.

In one vast body the mob moved to Wells's house, rending the air with shouts, groans, imprecations, and cries of vengeance.

And, indeed, there was some excuse. Treason was all abroad. Spies were everywhere. British gold was freely lavished. It was the crisis of an awful contest, on which depended their honors, fortunes and lives, and all the welfare of coming ages. What punishment then could be too severe for the miscreant who, in such a state of affairs, would dare to betray his country. In that day a traitor was the blackest of criminals, and his punishment was quick, and sharp, and terrible.

As Harry Temple turned in the road and looked down, a wild roar came up to his ears that chilled his blood.

An enormous crowd was around the house, swaying, surging, shouting. Volleys of stones crashed into the windows and against the walls.

"Death to the traitor!"

"Down with his house!"

"Fire the house!"

"Tar and feathers!"

"Ride him on a rail!"

Ten thousand screams and cries, embodying every vindictive feeling of the crowd, rose terribly on high.

With bursting heart and unutterable agony, Harry Temple rushed down the road; madly he tore his way through the crowd. Fifty frenzied men had seized a stick of timber, and had burst open the door, just as he reached the spot.

"Great God!" cried Temple, in an agony. "They're lost!"

And wild and high rose the shouts of the mob—"Kill!" "Kill!" "Fire!" "Burn the house!" "Vengeance for Poole!" "Death to traitors!"

Temple struck right and left. Careless of everything, he sought to pierce the crowd, and gain the door. But there was a living wall between him and the house.

In vain he shouted. Waving his sword in the air, he called in the name of Congress, and ordered them to open a way. He might as well have spoken to the waves of the sea.

Suddenly a piercing shriek burst upon his ear. That voice! The sound struck terribly upon his heart. But he was powerless; wedged in among the crowd, he heard the scream of Clara, and could do nothing to save her.

A rush of human beings came out of the door which pierced the crowd. A dozen strong men bore in their arms a wretched human being, whose pale face and chattering teeth showed that he was at the last extremity of fear. A storm of execrations rolled up from the crowd. They thirsted for his blood.

With a convulsive effort Temple reached the prisoner, and caught his arm.

At the sight of the young man Wells revived.

"Save me," he cried, with a torrent of abject entreaties that was unintelligible in the uproar.

"Deliver him up," cried Temple.

His pale face, his disordered manner, his bloodshot eyes, and his drawn sword arrested the crowd.

"Who are you?" they shouted, with an oath.

"I am despatched by the commander-in-chief to prevent bloodshed," said Temple. "Whoever harms that man will answer for it himself. The laws will be enforced."

"Don't be afraid. We'll not take his life," said one of them.

"Give him up."

"Away!" cried the others. "We'll spare his life. That's enough. Beware how you interfere."

What more Temple would have done, cannot be said, if he had not been drawn elsewhere. For now a crackling and a roaring sound arose behind him, a puff of smoke came down, and the crowd, with one roar like the noise of a thousand waves, cried out exultingly—

"Fire!"

Temple turned away. There was another life ten thousand times more precious to him than all else, and that life was now enveloped by fire. Wildly and frantically he rushed through the rooms, calling out the name of his beloved.

But no sound came back, save the rush of the furious flames within that rioted among the tapestries and furniture of the house. They climbed the walls, they threw out their fiery arms over the ceiling, they rolled in lurid streams up the stairway.

Like a madman, Temple rushed about, searching every room and closet. What was life to him? His love, his life, his darling, was there amid the flames, and he resolved to rescue her or die. He did not dream of surviving her. If he could not find her he would remain and perish.

He climbed far upstairs to the attic, but she was not there—not in any room of the second or third stories—not on the lower flat—not in the kitchen or out-houses.

At last he rushed into the cellar. At that moment the house above seemed like one vast sheet of flame. Round it stood a silent crowd. Soon the silence was broken by loud yells and cheers—a procession came from a neighboring field, bearing a singular figure, that bore no resemblance of anything living.

It was Wells, the Tory—he was covered with tar and feathers, and riding on a rail.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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A GENTLEMAN was once praising the personal charms of a very homely woman before Mr. Foote, the comedian, who whispered to him: "And why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?" "What right have I to her?" said the other. "Every right, by the law of nations, as *the first discoverer.*"

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Yonder goes the village doctor in his gig. Very monotonous and toilsome is his life. He looks worn, and his face has in repose an expression shrewd and keen, and just a little hard. His skin is reddened by constant exposure to the weather, his hat is seedy, his clothing shabby, and carelessly worn like that of a man used to dressing hastily in the dark.

At first sight, you say the man is not prepossessing in appearance, and his rusty apparel and brusque manners shock your taste. But he has a pleasant smile, a mellow laugh, and these show quick sympathies and a keen appreciation of the bright side of human nature. There is something genuine and earnest about him, too, though you may pronounce him common-place.

You would not believe there was an undercurrent of romance in the heart of this hard-working, illy-paid, shabbily-dressed country doctor. And yet there is, and it was that I might tell you his story that I called your attention to him just now, as he rode down the village street, and rushed into John Tompkins's cottage to look after that poor, sickly girl of John's, whom he says he is going to set up again, and send, rosy-cheeked, to school next summer.

The doctor does not look much like a gay young bridegroom, I grant you, and yet his honeymoon is scarcely over. He was married last month to his "first, last, and only love," as romancers have it, gave himself a week for a bridal tour, and then rushed back to his patients. I dare say his mind is occupied with them all day, as much as ever; but then, when the red fire-light begins to glow through uncurtained windows, as the early gloom of Autumn evenings gathers, there comes a thought of home and the joys that await him there that warms his big heart, and hastens him on his way with an almost boyish eagerness. He has waited long enough, in despair and in hope, for his happiness; let him enjoy it now, and all loving hearts will sympathize in it.

John Collender was the son of poor parents, a smart, quick, restless boy, all unlike his easy, indolent father and his pining, hysterical mother. People wondered where he got his smartness, for John Collender, senior, was "shiftless," loved to lounge on the tavern stoop, and tell stories, though he never "patronized the bar," nor had any other bad habit except his incorrigible laziness. And while he gossipped and whittled at the tavern, Mrs. Collender drank strong tea and gossipped at home, or in the neighbors' houses. There was a large family of children, and John, who was the eldest, nursed the younger ones, sawed wood, made fires, worked in the garden, and often in the house; and, besides these multifarious employments, found time to "do chores" of any kind that offered for others, and thus pick up a little money that, when his father permitted him to keep it for himself, he used to spend in books.

So, by the time he had reached his sixteenth year, John Collender, by dint of improving his few opportunities at the district school, by devouring in every rare moment of leisure such books as he could buy or borrow; and treasuring up with jealous care, in a capacious memory, every item of knowledge his greedy mind could attain, was something of a scholar. He knew, at any rate, more than half the boys of his age who had been at school all their lives, though he had been educated by no "system;" and, if the truth were told, his knowledge was very crude and fragmentary. And what was quite as much to the purpose, he had his course in life mapped out, knew exactly what he wanted and intended to do, though, it must be confessed, the "how" and "when" were not quite so apparent as would have been desirable. But nothing is impossible to a strong will and a steady purpose, and those who will help themselves are never without friends and aid.

"Well, John," said Squire McLennan, one evening, in his cheery voice, as John came in the twilight to return one book to the Squire's library and borrow another. "Well, my boy, what is all this reading and studying going to amount to? Want to be a lawyer, eh?"

"No, sir," John answered, stoutly.

"What then? Do you think you could be anything better, eh?"

"Yes, sir," trembled on John's tongue, but he answered, "I think a man can hardly be *good* at anything he does not heartily like, and I should not like to be a lawyer."

"Not like to be a lawyer," and the Squire put on his spectacles and fixed upon the young culprit, the look with which he was wont to confound an unwilling witness, repeating and dwelling on each word. "Not—like—to—be—a—lawyer. What then, I should like to know? What profession, may I venture to enquire, merits the approval of the heir apparent of the Collenders."

"I wish to be a doctor, sir," answered John, nowise daunted by look or sneer, "and that is just what I mean to be, one day."

"'A doctor,' eh? A peddler of pills, a compounder of lotions. Ah, that's just what Pussy told me, but I didn't believe it. Come, now, I'll tell you what I'll do. You write a fair hand and can improve. Come into my office, write for me, and study all you like, and this year I'll give you your food and clothes, and next year a little money, and so on until you get your profession, and then, if you succeed, as I feel sure you can, I'll give up the business to you. Won't that do, eh? Now what do you say?"

"I thank you, sir, with all my heart, but I cannot change my purpose. I do not wish to be a lawyer, and I do wish to be a doctor."

"Get out of my house, you ungrateful scoundrel, get out, I say. Put down that book, not another shall you have. 'Set a beggar on horseback,' eh? This is all *I* get for befriending beggars. Go, I say, and never let me see your face again."

And John went quietly, though his heart was swelling with mingled grief and indignation, from the presence of the irascible, but hitherto kindly old man. He felt that he had lost a friend, and this loss, severe always, was doubly so to the poor boy who had so few friends. Sadly he lingered in the pleasant garden, whose beds he had so often tended, where he had read his favorite books, and enjoyed them in the company of one who had been such a true friend——

"John," said a soft voice at his elbow, "John," and a little hand was laid lightly on the sleeve of his rough jacket. "Don't mind what father says. I heard him, but he's only angry, and in the morning he will be sorry and most likely send for you and do something very generous to make friends again. Don't cry, John."

"Cry! I'm not crying, Susan. Men don't cry; only girls and women cry when they are treated ill."

"Well, come in the morning, will you not? I want those pinks transfered to the front garden, and the flowering bean is to be trained over the arbor. And, John, I have such a beautiful book, full of pictures of animals, I wish to show you."

"I'd like to come, Miss Susan——"

"*Miss* Susan!"

"Yes. Your father has taught me the difference between your station and mine to-night. He has turned me from his house, and much as I should like to help you, and to see your book, I cannot come back."

"Oh, John!"

"No. Good-bye, Susan. I shall see you sometimes, I suppose. But I shall not come here again; and as soon as I can, I shall begin to study in somebody's office, or perhaps go to school at the Academy one winter, if I can continue to get books and to pay my board."

"You won't forget me, John."

"No, Susan. But I must go now. Good-bye. Don't cry, and don't forget me."

"No fear of that, John," and the girl put up her fair cheek to receive his kiss, as she had done when they were children; and she was a child still, for she was weeping to hide herself in her chamber, and to punish her father's cruelty by depriving him of the society of his pet for a whole evening.

Years passed away, and John Collender steadily pursued his career. Step by step he accomplished all that he promised himself, and more. For he was not permitted to be selfish, even had he desired. He was the eldest child of a large, poor family, and that implies so much of self-sacrifice, of hope delayed, of unselfish toil, and life-wearing exertion. His father grew more idle, his mother more nervous and hysterical, and there were so many mouths to feed that John's scanty purse was often drained of the precious hoards that were to have helped his boy-cherished plans.

But the father and mother died after a time, both carefully tended and provided for by this worthy child, and then the little ones were scattered among kinsfolk and friends, and the elder ones found themselves forced to work, for John was too wise to burden himself with unnecessary duties.

And then his work became easier. With two strong incentives always in view, he pressed on steadily toward the desired end. One was his love for the profession he had chosen, the other, and stronger motive, was his love for Susan McLennan—love that had its germ in childhood's days, and had grown and developed with every year that added to his stature and his powers of mind.

He was two years older than Susan, and he had calculated that if she would but wait until she was twenty-one or twenty-two years of age, he might by that time have acquired and commenced the practice of his profession. "I know I shall be poor," he would say, "but with Susan for my wife I shall not remain so." And so he toiled on, never daring to whisper his hopes to his beloved one, seldom seeing her, in fact, save at a distance, for he, true to his word, had never entered her father's house since he had been turned from its doors for refusing to become a lawyer.

The Squire had relented, and had tried to befriend him, but John was sturdy, and though he forgave him in words, his heart was hard, and he resolved to show the old man that he could make his own way unaided.

John had been absent from the village several months. He had been attending his last course of lectures, and he had received his diploma, and was now entitled to the magical letters after his name that were to give him rank and place in the profession. He held no communication with Susan, and she knew nothing of those cherished hopes that he meant to impart to her when the long wished for day that dubbed him doctor of medicine arrived. But oh, what a disappointment awaited him as he hastened towards his house. The stage-coach dropped its passengers to dine at the last station before the village was reached, and here a village newspaper fell into John's hands. He opened it, and saw the notice of Susan's marriage to a stranger, the young lawyer who had lately come to fill her father's place on the retirement of the old man from active business.

John was strong, but this blow well nigh prostrated him. Here, at once, was his strongest incentive to exertion gone. He desired to succeed, but it was that Susan might share his success, even more than for his own sake. And now this sweet hope was lost, and his toil was to be uncheered—there was no goal to be reached, no reward to look forward to. Such, at least, were his early thoughts, but he was too self-reliant, too healthy in mind, to yield long to morbid fancies, or to despair. Life was worth living, for its own sake, even if love were denied it. And his life could not be entirely objectless while there were so many young brothers and sisters to be aided and cared for. And, above all that now remained to him he loved his chosen profession, and it proffered some rewards—many they might have been had he sought the broad field that opened to him. But he had learned some facts that convinced him that Susan had not married wisely, and at once he resolved to settle in his native place, and be only a country doctor, that he might remain near and watch over her. And it was doubtless no small sacrifice that John thus made, for the only woman he ever loved.

For he had talent, that even in his obscurity the world has long since acknowledged, and had circumstances favored him, and had he taken the place that of right belonged to him, he might doubtless have risen to the highest rank among men of science in the particular field which his tastes led him to cultivate.

Years rolled away. The young doctor verged toward middle age. One by one his brothers and sisters had gone out from his pleasant home, and he was left alone. Rumor, which does not always lie, said that more than one fair lady would willingly have solaced his loneliness, and made his bachelor home the scene of wedded bliss. But John was obdurate. His was one of those stern, persistent natures that cling forever to the one object to which they first attach themselves. He had loved Susan, did love her, though she was the wife of another, though no unguarded look or speech had ever betrayed this hidden romance, and he could never love another.

Meanwhile the playmate of her youth occupied the two-fold position of her physician and friend. Many an hour of pain he soothed, and when sorrows gathered darkly around her, and a husband's wickedness and wrong-doing saddened her life, it was into the ear of this tried friend that the suffering woman poured the tale of her trials and her fears.

How painful his position. He could give but words, when his heart's blood would have gladly been shed to save her a pang. His medicaments could only reach the physical ills of her life, but his sympathy was very sweet, and often sought. Fearful was the ordeal through which this good man was called to pass, but nobly he bore it, and truth and honor remained unscathed.

It was not until death had released Susan from this unhallowed tie, not until time had soothed the bitterness of her fate, that the doctor spoke to her of love. His life had been a long lesson of patient waiting, and he pursued it to the end. And, until he asked her to become his wife, Susan had never guessed that she was more to him than the friend of his youth, the patient for whom he had felt anxiety, the suffering woman for whom his kind heart had been roused to sympathy.

Friendship like hers easily ripens into love. She is his wife at last; and I doubt if there is a happier couple in all the country than our middle-aged village doctor and his wife, to whose cheek new peace and joy are fast bringing back the faded roses of her youth.

WORDS FOR PARTING.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

O, what shall I do, dear,
In the coming years, I wonder,
When our paths, which lie so sweetly near,
Will lie so far asunder?
O, what shall I do, dear,
Through all those sad to-morrows,
When the tender smile has ceased to cheer,
Which smiles away my sorrows?

What shall I do, my friend,
When you are gone forever?
My heart its eager need will send,
Through the years to find you never.
And how will it be with you,
In the weary world, I wonder,
Will you love me with a love less true,
When our paths lie far asunder?

A sadder, sweeter thing,
My life, for having known you;
Forever with my sacred kin,
My soul's soul, I must own you,
Forever mine, my friend,
From June to life's December;
Not mine to have or hold,
Mine to pray for and remember.

The way is short, O friend,
That reaches out before us;
God's tender heavens above us bend,
His love is smiling o'er us.
A little while is ours
For sorrow or for laughter;
I'll lay the hand you love in yours,
On the shore of the Hereafter.

MARK WILTON'S INCENTIVE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Marry with Clara Preston?" cried Mr. Jotham Wilton, with elevated eyebrows, and an astonished look generally.

"Yes, sir," replied his son. "I wish to make Clara Preston my wife."

"Why, Mark Wilton, you are crazy. Just look at yourself as you are. Take a careful look, if you please: Here you stand, three-and-twenty years of age, and the only child I have living. Think of the money I have expended upon your education. Thousands of dollars, sir—thousands of dollars. And see what efforts I have made to give you an honorable start in the world. Your legal education has been received under the best of masters; you have been admitted to the bar under the most flattering auspices, and Mr. Lathrop assures me that you have the stuff in you to make one of the best lawyers in the State. And, sir, you know that your father has the wealth with which to back you up. I could place half a million of dollars to your credit this very day if I were so minded. But, sir, what do you imagine will become of you if you take your first important step in life thus? I will select a wife for you, sir!"

"But, my father, I have pledged my faith to Clara Preston, and I cannot break it. She is all that I seek for a wife. She is true and virtuous, amiable and intelligent, and, moreover, she loves me devotedly."

"Loves your father's money, you mean," interrupted the old man, with a curl of the lip.

Mark Wilton started up from his chair, and the quick flush of his face told how deeply he felt the cut. But he was in the presence of an aged father, and he controlled himself as well as he could.

"Don't provoke me," he said, with his lips almost closed.

"Hoity toity! Provoke, indeed! You should have thought of that before you approached me with such a scheme as this in your mad brain. I tell you, my son, I will find a wife for you myself."

"There is no need, sir," stoutly persisted the youth, "for I have found one already. And now, sir, will you tell me why you object to Clara Preston?"

"Simply because she is not what society judges should be your mate. She is a nobody! Who are her parents?"

"She has none."

"Aye—she has none. And when she did have them, I warrant you they were of the poorest class. But I don't want to argue the matter, for my mind is made up. To the husband of Clara Preston I will never give one penny of my property. Do you understand that?"

Mark Wilton arose, and walked across the room. He had a light, graceful form, with a bearing of peculiar comeliness, and, when occasion called, he could be erect and proud. His face was rather pale, and the delicately cut features betrayed intellect enough for any department of active life. If he had a lack, it was in vital energy and physical force; but this was nothing in his way if he had incentive enough to overcome it, for overcome it he could. As he finally stood before his father, with his arms folded upon his breast, the whole pride of his soul was in action. He told his parent that he should marry with the maiden of his choice.

The old man's answer was short and firm.

There was further argument—further questioning and answering—but no change of feeling—no change of intent.

"You have my decision," said Jotham Wilton. And those who knew that old man could not have doubted him. He was too proud, too firm, too self-willed to trifle.

"And," replied Mark, slowly and solemnly, "you have mine. I shall make Clara Preston my wife, if I live. And I tell you now, that I will not barter away my soul for money. You understand me."

"I understand what you say."

"And I only say just what I mean."

"Then I understand you fully. And, Mr. Mark Wilton, I would be sure that you understand ME. If you marry that girl, look to your father's bank account no more. Not another penny—not another penny!"

Mark Wilton had anticipated something of this sort, and yet, when he was once more alone, and realized the full force of his position, he was for a while overwhelmed with anxious thought. Thus far in life he had never known what it was to depend upon himself. His father's immense wealth had been the source of all his hopes, and the future took color and form from the golden store.

Awhile was the youth in trouble, but gradually he rose above the shock, and his pride came to his aid: for he had pride, and an independent spirit, and now that these qualities had been so loudly called upon, they started up strong and sure. He folded his hands together, and, with his head erect and his thin lips firmly compressed, he swore that he would be his own master.

Clara Preston was as beautiful as the artist's ideal, and those who knew her loved her for her gentleness and goodness. She was an orphan, and had for two or three years supported herself by teaching music. Not a breath was there against her character—not a breath could there be, for she was one of those pure, spiritual beings who seem to make bright and holy the very atmosphere about them.

In the evening Mark Wilton came, and told Clara the result of his interview with his father. She listened to him attentively, and when he had concluded, she reached forth her hand and rested it in his.

"Mark," she said, gazing earnestly into his face, "I have been fearful of this, and I tell you freely that I have no word of fault to find with your father. It would be hard for me to give you up, but it would be harder still for me to see you suffer on my account. If, as matters now stand, you would sever the bonds between us, I shall be content, and I will never blame you while I live."

"Clara," cried the young man, vehemently, "you don't know me. Give you up!—I'd sooner give up my life. My father has my answer. I can give up his wealth; but I cannot give up the love and faith of my heart. No, dearest one, no cloud shall come between thee and me. My resolution is taken, and henceforth I am my own master, subject to only such bonds as love and duty to thee shall impose."

The maiden regarded her lover for some moments in silence. She saw how proud and determined he looked; how bold and dauntless was the light that flashed in his dark eyes; how hopefully and trustingly he turned his soul's aspirations towards herself; and she felt that she did no wrong in sustaining him.

"Mark Wilton," she said, giving him both her hands, "if you can love and trust me thus; if you can give up so much for me; if you can now, in the first flush of manhood, turn from the hopes of other years, and link your fate with mine, I will love and cherish you to the end. My best efforts shall be yours, and with all my power of heart and soul will I serve you."

"Before Heaven, I am content!" responded the youth; and, as he spoke, he seemed to summon all his energies for the battle of the life before him. He drew the fair one upon his bosom; and, as he held her there, he resolved that he would live to show to his father, and to the world, that he could sustain himself as became an honorable and independent man.

The day was finally set for their marriage.

"We cannot be married in my father's house," said Mark.

"No," returned Clara, "I had supposed that; and I have planned that we will be married at the house of an old friend of mine. Will it please you to have it thus?"

The young man consented, and the arrangements were made accordingly.

The evening came, and Mark was ushered into the house of Clara's friend, whom he had heard call Mr. Sampson. This Mr. Sampson was an old man of patriarchal appearance; quaintly dressed; his hair and beard, white as snow, seeming never to have suffered the approach of razor or shears. He received Mark with touching kindness; and it was he who gave the blushing bride away.

"Now, my children," said Mr. Sampson, after the ceremony had been performed, and Mark and Clara were man and wife, "you are about to commence the ascent of Life's hill together. Be true to yourselves and to each other; be true to honor and to duty; and," he added, resting his hands upon their heads, while the big tears started to his eyes, "may God guard, guide, and bless you both!"

Mark loved that old man—he learned to love him at once; and he promised himself much pleasure in visiting him.

"I never knew before that you had such a friend," he said to Clara, when they were alone.

"O," she replied, with a warm light breaking through the moisture of her eyes, "he has been my best friend since my father died. He has never been called upon to serve me much, but still I love him as a father. And you will love him, Mark, as you come to know him."

There was much wonderment in society when it became known that old Jotham Wilton, the retired banker, had disinherited his son; and the gossipmongers had a busy time of it for a while. Some said that old Jotham had done just right; others said that he had done just wrong, though they could not fully exonerate the son. Others there were who, knowing Clara, sided with the youthful couple, and denounced old Jotham as a monster of the first water. The more sober and rational ones—those who had known Jotham Wilton through his long and useful career—were at a loss how to understand the matter. At first they were unwilling to believe that he could have done such a thing as disinherit his only child. It did not seem reasonable. "Of three promising children," they said, "Mark is the only one left to him; and it cannot be that he has thus cast him off." But, finally, when they found that it was really so, they shook their heads, and said that Jotham Wilton was deranged.

In the meantime how was it with Mark Wilton? Like a new being he stepped out from the old inheritance, and put forth his hands to work for himself. He remembered his solemn pledge, and he was determined to redeem it. He had said that he would show to the world, and to his father, an independent, self-sustaining man, and he meant to do it. And then in his new home he had an angel to assist him. By every word and deed, and by every look and thought, did Clara seek to sustain and encourage him.

For the first six months Mark made but little apparent headway; yet he was diligent and hopeful, and faltered not. He was punctual at his office, attending to such business as was left with him with prompt faithfulness, and devoting all his leisure moments to study. In his office and at home he studied; and the harder he worked, the more did he find to work for. His pride—his PRIDE was leading him on—Pride, sharpened and intensified by resentment—the most powerful incentive that could have been given him; and he was determined to rise to distinction. He attended the courts; listened to the best pleaders; and then, when alone with his wife, he held impromptu courts, and tried important cases over again.

At the expiration of six months he was engaged to defend a party who had been sued for trespass in removing a building belonging to the plaintiff from land belonging to the said defendant. It was a case involving some nice points of law; but Mark Wilton proved himself equal to the emergency, and gained a verdict for his client.

Mark had now gained the first round of the ladder, and he kept his gaze fixed eagerly upon the top. Another case was soon gained by him, in the conducting of which he displayed such marked ability as to call forth the encomiums of the court.

When it became known that Mark Wilton was a rising man he had business enough, but he would not put his hands to all that was offered. It was soon known in the courts that he was a conscientious man. And, furthermore, it was discovered, as he did more business, that he was punctual, faithful and honorable.

It was an enviable reputation for a young lawyer; but he had worked hard to gain it. Aye—he had worked without ceasing. At home, and in his office, over his books, and over his thoughts, he had been busy with an eye to the one idea of his life. Step by step he worked his way up, feeling, at every advance, that he was coming nearer to the station from which he could demand of his father such recognition as one man is bound to give to another, who merits it in honor. Ah, that was the high goal of his pride—to reach a station in life equal to the one his father had reached before him. O, how proud would he be when he had gained it!

But, when he had gained it, what would he do? How would he meet his father?—how present the crown he had conquered? He could not tell. He would wait until the time came.

And did he see his father during these years of struggle? Yes, he saw him occasionally. They met sometimes on the street, and sometimes in the courts. They bowed and passed the bare compliments of recognition, but nothing more.

And how was it in Mark Wilton's home? Go ask the angels of Peace and of Love, for those were the bright spirits that guarded the spot. A better wife man never had. Mark never regretted the step he had taken—never. And yet, sometimes, when the memories of childhood came back to him, his heart would go forth in yearning after a parent's love. And in those moments he prayed that his father might live to bless him. But he suffered not. His wife read all his thoughts, and she ministered to all his needs; and when she saw that the old recollections were upon him, she wound her arms about his neck, and whispered to him of the bright promises of the future.

Five years had passed—five years of up-hill toil; and yet how rich in result, how freighted with reward, that toil had been. It had been most truly UP-HILL; and far, far up the hill had he worked his way.

On the fifteenth of March, 18—, the large court-room was packed in every part; and all over the country, where the newspapers were read, were anxious people, waiting to learn the result of that day's trial. It was an action of giant monopoly against the rights of the people, and Mark Wilton was for the defence. During three days the trial lasted, and during those three days Wilton fairly outdid his own hopes and expectations. He knew that his father was in the court-room, and that his father's friends were there. He knew that thousands were watching him, and that great interests hung upon him. And, furthermore, he knew that in his home was one whose prayers were going up continually for him. There was one thing more: He felt that this was a round far up the ladder, and he had resolved to reach it. And so he went at the work. Into it he threw his whole soul; and so nobly did he battle; so ably did he reflect the rights of his clients; so powerfully did he appeal in behalf of right and justice; and so keenly and clearly did he open up the merits of his own case, and expose the numerous wrongs of the opposition, that he carried all disinterested hearts with him. He gained his case—gained it against the power of money and numbers—gained it by such powers of his own as few among his peers could have put forth.

As Mark Wilton turned to leave the court-room, after he had received the congratulations of the bench and the bar, he saw his father away in one corner, and he saw that his father was weeping. For an instant—but for an instant only—there was in his soul a spirit of exultation over that weeping parent; but a better feeling quickly came, and, in the flush of the proud hour, he felt that it would be a crowning joy to have that old man's hand laid with blessing upon his head.

That evening, as Mark Wilton sat with his wife, his clients, who had come to congratulate him, having taken their leave, and his children having been put to bed, the door-bell was rung, and presently Mr. Sampson was ushered into the parlor. Mark had not seen the old man to converse with him for a long time. He knew that Mr. Sampson had been a frequent caller at the house, and that he had spent much time with the children; but he himself had been so busy that he had no opportunity to share his company. Now, however, he was glad to see him, and his welcome was warm and free.

Of course the conversation turned upon the events of the great trial; and once more Clara heard how the people were praising her husband.

"My son," said the old man, "you are at the top of the ladder; but your work is not done. Your labor of climbing may be over, but there is a high, broad mountain of honor and fame before you. Up its sloping side leads one path that will surely carry its follower to the summit. It is the path of USEFULNESS. I would not touch you with advice, but I speak from the fullness of my heart."

"I understand you, my good sir," replied Mark; "and your hint pleases me. It pleases me most because it is the reflection of my own feelings, and the sum of my own reflections. I may have reached a proud station; but I have only just begun to taste the sweets of successful labor. There are rich rewards in the future, and I am resolved to gain them if I live."

Mr. Sampson was deeply affected; but he subdued his emotion, and then spoke to the young man of his father.

"I saw your father this evening, Mark; and he is proud and happy."

"Proud—and happy?" repeated the lawyer, in a low, meditative tone.

"Yes. Indeed he is."

Mark Wilton rested his brow upon his hand, and thought. They were not new thoughts that came to him then,—no, they were thoughts that had often occupied his mind—thoughts given him by his blessed wife in their seasons of calm, hopeful communion.

"And yet," he said, as though arguing with himself, "my father cast me off, and that, too, for all time."

"No, no," quickly interposed the old man. "He did not do that. I know he did not."

"You are wrong," returned Mark, with a sad shake of the head. "My father bound himself by a solemn pledge."

"To what?"

"That not one penny of all his property should ever go to the husband of Clara Preston. That—that—was cruel. I care not for his money now—God knows I did not,—but it is painful to think that this barrier still remains."

The tears started to Mark's eyes as he spoke; and the old man, when he essayed to reply, broke only into sobs.

"My dear father—my dear husband—listen to me," cried Clara, starting from her chair, and standing before the two men. "The hour has surely come, and the cloud must be swept away."

She seemed like one inspired. Her beautiful face was radiant with a halo of glorious enthusiasm, and from her large, lustrous eyes beamed the light of joyous, holy effulgence.

"O, Mark, Mark—my own dear husband, your father did not cast you off—he did not hate me. He loved me tenderly and truly and trustingly. He hoped and prayed that I might be your wife; and when he knew that your heart was turned towards me, he came and taught me how to cherish and honor you. Before I became your wife he took the great bulk of his property and made it over to you; and yours it is this day, safely deposited, and bearing interest upon interest to your account. He did not give it to my husband, but to my lover.

"O, Mark—my husband—be blind no more. It was your own father who placed our hands together for the uniting of the sweet, sacred bond; and he it was who blessed us both when the union was complete. Your own father, Mark, has been often, often beneath your roof, and your children love him fondly, and call him by the name he so proudly bears to them. O—my husband—my father!——"

The long white hair, the flowing beard, and the bushy eye-brows had dropped from the old man's head and face; and as Mark now turned towards him the veil was removed. It was his father—his own father—standing before him, with throbbing breast and outstretched arms.

* * * * * * *

"My son," said Jotham Wilton, "do you see and understand it all? I think it must be plain to you. If the trial has cost you some bitter moments, be assured it has cost me no less. You were all the child that was left to me. Your two brothers older than you, and in all respects your equals in mind and intellectual endowments, had grown up and faded away. They had faded and died because they had not the energy to live. As you grew to manhood I saw how it was with you. I saw how certainly you would fail if some powerful stimulant were not given to your energies. I saw you leave college—I saw you admitted to the bar; and I knew that you had the material within you from which to fashion a valuable citizen; but I knew, also, that the will was wanting. You had been reared in affluence; you had the prospect of an independence before you, and hence you were in danger. You needed exertion—needed it for your very life,—and yet you had not the incentive thereto; and, lacking the incentive, you would not move. You had pride enough, and independence of spirit enough; and I knew if I could bring some adequate force to bear upon these elements, your salvation might be worked.

"At length the opportunity presented itself. When I knew that you loved Clara Preston, I made up my mind upon the course I would pursue. Not until I became assured that Clara had promised to be your wife did I dare to take her into my secret; but I did so at length, and she joined me cheerfully. She had a double incentive, for she not only proved her devotion to your good, but she also proved how willing she was to forego the charms of wealth, and labor for her home. As she has told you, I was very careful how I proceeded. I said that I would never give one penny to her husband; but, before you became such, I made you the possessor in law of the bulk of my property; and what else I may have to give I can bestow upon your wife and children without breaking my promise.

"And now, my son, the work is done, and I feel that I have done well. Tell me—am I forgiven for the deception I have practised?"

"And," cried Clara, "tell me, too, if I am forgiven."

How did Mark Wilton answer?

He answered as the redeemed answer. He answered with joy and thanksgiving. And from that hour he felt stronger than ever before

And what did Society say when it heard this wonderful story?

Never mind.

"BE PITIFUL."

BY AUNT CHARITY.

"Be pitiful, children, be pitiful," said dear old aunty; "your enemy needs pity more than *you* do. Those that *do* wrong are worse off than those that *suffer* it. You'll see this, my dears, by-and-by. It is always better to pity than to hate; there's a vast deal more reason in it.

"*Think* awhile of the life that's always close at hand, and you'll see that it is too bad for those who are to be poor and down-trodden but a little while to feel anything harsher than pity for those that are to be miserable forever and ever. Only think, the wicked, poor creatures! are but for a moment to triumph over the just. Don't hate them, then. I never could, and you can't, if you'll stop to consider. Be pitiful.

"I know it is a hard thing to suffer all one's life from poverty, and from the impositions and injustice that everywhere on earth the poor must bear; but it is *nothing* to the calamity of being one of those to whom the dear Saviour says, *now* just as much as ever, 'Wo unto you, ye rich, for ye *have received your consolation*.' Why, children! I'd rather be poor, and have all of you poor as poverty, all the days of your lives, than to have you run the risk of that wo.

"And this is why I pity that arrogant, rich man, who so mistrusts and takes advantage of you, more than I do you. You suffer but for a little time; at death, if not before, you (for you love God and your fellow creatures) will be set free, and made so rich and so happy that you will not know what to do with yourselves; but he, poor man, is making for himself a character which I'm afraid will draw him to eternal poverty and wo. If you can escape out of his hands, do it. You are not required to bear injustice, if you can help it, without yourself doing wrong; and if you can hinder the rich man from grinding down other poor, it is your duty to do it, even to the exposure and overthrow of your arrogant enemy; but don't you ever *hate* or *try to harm him*.

"Be kind at heart, 'be *pitiful*,' though hunted to the death, as was our Example."

BIRDS AND FISHES.

Among birds are to be found families whose decorations are inimitable by any material that we are acquainted with, be it even gems and metals; whose song by its mere tone moves the listener almost to tears, although he is ignorant of the exact sentiment that inspires the melodist. Some, as the raven, are absolutely cosmopolitan in their dispersion throughout the climates of our planet. The four departments of material nature, popularly styled elements, seem open and accessible to them—earth, air, water, and fire almost, or heat as hot as fire. Nor are there wanting, to promote our sympathy, the qualities of acute perception, docility, mimicry, even fun and humor, courage, gallantry, strong affections—above all, parental love. What community of feeling can we enter into with a fish?—a creature that increases its kind with little or no experience of the delights of mutual and parental affection; brings forth by thousands and hundreds of thousands at a time; eats its own progeny indiscriminately with those of its neighbor, showing no favor to either, just as they are arriving at the most interesting stages of their youth: that indulges voracious appetite without, as far as physiologists can judge, enjoying the pleasures of taste; that dozes, indeed, now and then, but never seems to know what a comfortable night's rest is, though it may be torpid for a whole winter; that has a chance, especially if it be cartilaginously constituted, of living for centuries, and yet is liable to be snapped up by its own great grandfather without a moment's warning?

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THE PULSE OF THE HORSE.—During sleep is perhaps the most favorable time for counting the pulse and respiration of any horse in health: the average pulse is thirty-two; it rarely rises as high as thirty-six, or sinks below twenty-eight; it is set higher by veterinarians; but the foregoing is considered most correct. In ordinary breathing the respirations are six per minute; during sleep not more than four. This it is very important to know, because disordered respiration forms one very important part of veterinary surgery. In judging of that material point, "wind," gallop a horse out of breath, agitate his respiration, and then let him rest in quiet, and his disturbed heaving at the flanks will speedily subside, if sound: if the horse's lungs are diseased the breathing will require several minutes for subsidence.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED | PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

WE are no radicals; but we dearly love a revolution—like that of the stars. No two nights are the heavens the same; all the luminaries are revolving to the music of their own spheres—look on that new-risen star. He is elected by universal suffrage a glorious representative of a million lesser lights; and on dissolution of *that* congress—how silent, but how eloquent!—he is sure of his return.

GREAT is the might that slumbers in a people's arm, but far greater and nobler that which neither sleeps nor slumbers in a people's heart.

To be sure the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; but it is ninety-nine times in a hundred.

IF every word men utter fell to the ground and grew up a blade of grass, most public speeches would be worth ten times as much as they now are.

So far from there being anything in the constitution of genius naturally kindred to either vice or misery, it is framed of light, and love, and happiness.

WHENEVER a golden wedding is going on, almost every young lady would like to be in the *ring*—or rather to have a finger in it.

WE have heard of men's making a hole in the ice to be baptized. They always have to break the ice before they can get married.

SOME editors sit down very calmly to write, but get in an ill-humor as they proceed. They write themselves into a *snarl*.

IF you are ever so temperate, you will die in time. If you are intemperate, you will probably die "in no time."

IT is presumable that the soul can live without the body, for certainly a great many bodies live without souls.

WE suppose a man "clothes himself with curses as with a garment," when he keeps himself warm by swearing.

THERE are professing Christians who adopt religion as a sort of lightning-rod to ward off, by and by, the bolts of divine wrath.

WE should be cautious how we indulge a virtuous indignation; it is the handsome brother of anger and hatred.

HE who labors for mankind without a care for himself, has already begun his immortality.

IF June has its foliage, January has its fire-places, and each is welcome for its beautiful gift.

ONE is wiser in his library than in the street, and in the woods than in either.

CONSCIENCE in most men is but the dread of public opinion.

GRIEF is less grievous almost anywhere else than at the grave of an old regard.

THEY are not reformers who simply abhor evil. Such become in the end abhorrent themselves.

MANY persons are not satisfied with a mere competence; they want a *fire story* competence.

MANY a worthy man is black-balled by those who are hardly worthy to black-ball his boots.

DON'T join in the rush for offices, for generally they are not worth a rush.

HUSBANDS are probably the most ill-used of all classes of persons in the world—except wives.

SMILES are the blossoms of joy; tears, of sorrow; kisses, of love.

YOUNG AMERICA must be a very pious young fellow; he makes every day a fast day.

LIFE begins with a cry and ends with a groan; and there is but a struggling spasm between the two.

IN the march of life, don't heed the order of "right about" when you know you are about right.

IT isn't enough that men and women should be of the true metal; they should also be *well-tempered*.

THE worst kind of Shakers are those who shake the dice-box.

WHEN a fat man blows, he is probably tired; when the wind or a flower blows, it probably isn't.

GENERALLY the weakest spot in a man is where he thinks himself the wisest.

NOTHING is so hard to do as nothing.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A CALIFORNIA paper states that a little girl while looking for her mother's cow in the woods, not far from Marysville, being pursued by a bear, took refuge in a hollow log, near where the cow happened to be feeding; and the bear catching sight of the latter, at once attacked and killed her, but while devouring her a couple of hunters came up and shot him, and rescued the girl, who made her whereabouts known by a series of shrieks and cries.

AN Iowa girl, seventeen years of age, who was left at home alone to look after the "little ones," in a cabin on the verge of civilization, being molested by an old she bear and a couple of well-grown cubs, loaded her father's rifle, shot the old bear, and then tried to capture the cubs, but they were too fleet for her. Such a girl is handy to have in a frontier house.

A LAD, about nine years of age, was run over by an express wagon, in the Bowery, the other afternoon, and had his left arm badly fractured, and was otherwise seriously injured. On the same afternoon a little girl was run over by a butcher's cart, in Sixth avenue, and was badly hurt. Neither of the drivers who perpetrated the outrages was arrested.

A SPANISH sailor named Fernando Guzman, a man of great strength and activity, being attacked by three highwaymen in South street one night recently, turned upon them, and dealt them such heavy blows with his fists as soon to disable the whole of them, and one of the gang was injured so badly that it was hoped he would die.

A FEW evenings ago, a girl who was described by her confiding victim as "a being of wondrous beauty," robbed a countryman whom she met in the street, and induced to take her into a refreshment saloon to get some lemonade, of one hundred and sixteen dollars and a pearl-handled knife, which he had bought as a present for his sweetheart.

A LITTLE girl about five years old, while playing in Third avenue near Seventeenth street one day recently, was run over and killed, by a butcher boy, who was driving furiously and recklessly along the street. The perpetrator of the crime was promptly arrested and committed to prison.

IT is stated that an aged Italian lady living in this city, who has long cherished great enthusiasm for the cause of nationality in Italy, was so deeply affected by the news of Count Cavour's death that she dropped speechless to the floor, and died in the course of an hour.

AN express rider in New Mexico, who is said to be a native of Marblehead, Mass., and a powerful man, was attacked by five guerillas, in a lonely gorge; whereupon he drew his revolver and bowie-knife, "pitched in," and soon shot and ripped up every robber of them.

THE body of a man, dressed in the costume of a Blackwell's Island convict, was found in the dock at Pier No. 30, East river, the other morning. As there was a bullet hole through his skull, it is supposed that he was shot, when attempting to escape, by the sentry.

No less than thirteen bodies were taken out of the Hudson and East rivers in the course of one week lately. Five of them had marks of violence, and eight showed no signs of ill-treatment.

JOHN BOWMAN, a man in the employ of an Illinois farmer noted for his importations of blood stock, was killed one morning not long since by a fine Durham bull that he was attempting to curry.

THOMAS GODENOUGH, a ship-carpenter, accidentally cut off a fellow-workman's foot with an adze, the other day, whereby his death was occasioned by loss of blood and lockjaw.

A YOUNG woman living in Sixth avenue accidentally set her clothes on fire a few evenings since, and was burned so badly that she died the next day, in great agony.

A LITTLE boy, two years old, while playing with matches one day recently, set his clothes on fire and was burned to death, before effectual assistance could be rendered to him.

A WELL-DRESSED woman was arrested a few days since for stealing two pieces of silk—containing seventy-three yards—from a store in Broadway.

A MAN forty-five years of age, fell from the roof of a livery stable in Forty-first street one morning lately, and was instantly killed.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1861.

THE CAUSE OF THE ENORMOUS AND UNPARALLELED CIRCULATION OF THE LEDGER.—We pay more money for contributions by popular and eminent writers, in order to make a great and good paper, than is paid by any ten other literary papers in the country; and, as a legitimate result, our circulation is larger than the combined circulation of any ten others.

WE always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue, it it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such you can put him down as a swindler.

WE CANNOT change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his *former*, as well as his present address.

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MRS. SOUTHWORTH AND LIEUT. LANGFORD.

In this number of the LEDGER we commence the great story, by Lieutenant Langford, entitled, "THE TRIAD."

In next week's LEDGER we shall begin a new story by Mrs. Southworth, entitled, "EUDORA; OR, THE FALSE PRINCESS"—a work of unusual power and transcendent interest. EUDORA, the heroine, is a high-born orphan girl, of such exquisite personal beauty and such winning loveliness of mind and spirit, as to be utterly irresistible. And yet this angelic creature, whose only wish is to minister to the wants of her fellow-creatures, is, by the demoniac machinations of the "FALSE PRINCESS," (who occupies towards Eudora the relation of a bosom friend, and is thus enabled to pursue her plots undetected,) brought under the ban of the cruellest suspicions and exposed to death on the charge of committing crimes perpetrated by the arch-plotter herself. In the working-out of this complicated and thrilling narrative, Mrs. Southworth excels all her previous efforts, and has produced a story which will be read with absorbing interest.

"THERE'S WISDOM!"

"A chiel's amang us takin' notes." W. H. Russell, LL.D., and S. N. O. B., Scrivener Extraordinary to the London Times, is explaining, through that dogmatist's diary, everything connected with our domestic difficulties. Although he has only been a few weeks in the country, he knows us "like a book" (he will write one when he gets back); and our domestic complications, which we do not clearly understand ourselves, are, to his acute apprehension, the simplest matters in the world. Never was there such an Œdipus, since the unriddler of the Sphynx himself, as this same Russell. He knows the mainspring of every political movement that ever has been or ever will be made in this country, and can furnish the key to every sectional jealousy that exists now, has existed heretofore, or under any combination of circumstances is likely to exist, among us. The imperial style in which the man writes is amusing. He evidently thinks that his utterances will be considered oracular—that his dictum, promulged through the columns of the Times, will have the force of law.

It is obviously the desire of this sententious Cockney to impress his countrymen with the idea that republicanism is a failure, and that it is so regarded in America. The South, he is quite sure, wants a king—"one of the royal race of England;" and he calls upon the ghosts of George III. and Lord North to clap their hands exultingly over this posthumous triumph of their principles among the descendants of the "rebellious" Marions, Sumpters and Pinckneys! What an amusing Cockney it is. Why does he not tell us that Prince Alfred's visit to American waters has reference to the anxiety of the people of the South to have one of the "royal race" aforesaid to rule over them! Perhaps he is an emissary sent over to pave the way for the re-establishment of British rule in the "revolted colonies"—who knows?

Seriously, W. H. Russell, LL.D., is pitiably green—greener than the mint in the juleps with which he has been regaled in South Carolina—if he believes that "an admiration of monarchical institutions on the English model," or the desire to be governed by a Guelph, exists in the minds of even an infinitesimal minority of the people of any State in this Union. Hoaxable Russell! The Southerners have been "running saws" upon you! They would brook the foul fiend to "keep his state" among them "as easily as a king."

The ignorance of a portion of the English press, and of most of the English aristocracy, in relation to this country and its affairs, is lamentable, or we should rather say ridiculous. Not long ago a member of the House of Commons averred on information, which he declared to be incontestible, that an American general had proposed to quarter poisoners in the houses of peaceable citizens for the purpose of carrying them off by strychnine! Not knowing even the name of the officer against whom he preferred this atrocious charge, the slanderer called him "General Bulten."

Another burning and shining light of the collective wisdom of Britain, recently announced in that body that "the Republican bubble had burst!" If he had said that republicanism had burst like a bomb-shell in the strongholds of European despotism, he would have been nearer the mark. The dry bones of Tyranny have been shaken so often of late by popular earthquakes, that the monarchists are unreasonably thankful for even the semblance of the smallest favors.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

This is the age of realities. Steam—Electricity—Machinery, have taken the wind out of the sails of old Romance, and beaten the Muses at their own game. "Side-wheelers" and "propellers" have thrown the feats of the "Flying Dutchman" into the shade; the "iron horse" is a more miraculous contrivance than the "bronze horse" of the Arabian enchanter; and the Electro Magnetic telegraph could beat Prospero's fastest Sprite in a race around the world, allowing the latter a start of half the distance. But Poetry is not dead. The old myths are dead, that's all. A grander order of poesy than the ancients ever dreamed of, is taking the place of their vague idealism. Bards sing no more of Olympus. They have better sources of inspiration than "the Sacred Nine." The divinities of the Pantheon are defunct. Discovery, Invention, the disclosures of Modern Science, the wonders of Modern Art—these, and never failing Nature, are the themes of modern song. The "Anvil Chorus" is more esteemed than the "Chorus of the gods."

This is a blessed change. We have got out of the leading strings of the musty old Greeks and Latins, so far at least as Poetry is concerned. Parnassus, Helicon and Castaly are out of our new metrical geography, and Pegasus is considered as much of a humbug as the woolly horse. For this revolution in the rythmical department of the Republic of Letters all persons of sense will be profoundly grateful. The age has a poesy of its own, instead of a second hand one—a visible, graphic, majestic poesy, full of bold idioms and sublime truths. New materials for a glorious epic are being developed every day. By-and-by a mind will come, capable of turning them into shape, and then will be written a poem that shall thrill the world. Let us suggest a title for it—THE ROMANCE OF REALITY. Why not? Verily, Modern Fact is more Romantic than the devices of Ancient Fiction.

MORE WEST POINTS WANTED.

[We commend the following letter to the attention of parents, patriots, teachers, and the community generally.—ED. LEDGER.]

MR. BONNER—It is becoming a pretty general notion that all colleges should be, at least to a considerable extent, *military* colleges. By colleges I mean institutions for the education of young men—not boys. The boys' military schools that are now so common, are not to be recommended. Boys should play cricket and base ball. It is young men who should be formed into military companies and regiments, and apply themselves seriously to the art of defending their country. It is Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Amherst, Williams, Princeton, and similar institutions that should be permanently reorganized as military colleges.

Such a change would put new life into those venerable, and not too progressive institutions. It is just what they want. The students need the exercise, the discipline, the knowledge, the agility, the upright carriage, which a military organization would give. The professors require the authority which officers wield over privates. The country demands that every citizen should, henceforth and forever, be instantaneously convertible into a soldier. The logic of events is demonstrating that a knowledge of the military art is as essential to the completeness of education in the nineteenth century as it was in the fifteenth.

In this matter, the people, as is usually the case, are far in advance of their leaders. The Editor of the LEDGER knows well what the people are thinking about, from the hundred letters of inquiry he daily receives from all parts of the country. I also have the means of knowing a good deal on this subject; and I presume that if to all the young men in the United States, between the ages of sixteen and twenty, the question were put, "What is the first desire of your heart?" about one-half of them would instantly cry out, "To go to West Point." There is a general feeling that at West Point *alone*, of all the colleges in the country, can a young American get the kind of training that is best for him. At West Point a young man *must* obey orders; and this alone invests the place with an indescribable charm. At West Point the body is trained, as well as the mind. At West Point the main strength of the student is not expended in learning dead languages; he learns that which can be turned to account in the life of the actual, work-day world. He learns modern languages, mathematics, natural science, and the sublime art of defending Liberty and Order against foreign and domestic foes.

We say again, let all our colleges henceforth be military colleges. Three hours a week for four years will suffice to make the graduates accomplished soldiers. And even the wearing of a uniform has its great advantages. At least, it puts the poor student on an equality, so far as costume goes, with the rich student. It tends to repress dandyism in some, and slovenliness in others. If the old colleges will not come in to the movement, if they *will* go on in the old dull way, poring over dead books in dead languages, cultivating dyspepsia and narrow-chestedness, why then there must be new colleges created on the sytem of West Point. As all the young men want to go to West Point, there must be West Points enough to accommodate them. Away with our past effeminacy! The cry is for MEN—stalwart, agile, disciplined, heroic men!

A. J.

LITTLE EUROPE—GREAT AMERICA.

What a ridiculous degree of importance some of our newspapers seem to attach to the opinions of Europeans, and, particularly, Englishmen! What can an average Englishman know about America? Nothing. He is educated to believe that the good things of this world, such as honor, dignity, abundance, refinement and knowledge, belong of right to a few; while ignorance, stupidity and incessant labor, alleviated by a little bad beer and tobacco, are the proper portion of the many. The grand American idea is, that the best things are for all. We deliberately and religiously believe in the essential equality of all honest men. We believe that the lot and condition of worthy American citizens ought to be, and is constantly becoming, essentially equal. We actually contemplate and expect the time when whatever mankind has achieved in the way of knowledge, art, convenience, and comfort, shall be attainable, to a substantial degree, by all virtuous and diligent men and women; when an unmarried man, who earns a dollar and a half a day, and a married man, who earns twice as much, shall ramble in as fine a park, have access to as complete a library and gallery of art, as any king has ever had since kings first began to spoil their kind. This is what we are trying for. We have made sublime advances toward it. We are already within hailing distance of our goal.

What can a lord-worshiping Englishman know of all this? To him it is all nonsense and Fourth-of-July oration. It is for America to hold on her way steadfastly, and show the nations how to live, regarding not their puerile opinions.

A SUGGESTION FOR EDITORS.

Thomas Jefferson gave a hint to a young friend, who was about to start a newspaper, that might be turned to good account in these stirring times, by the editors of daily papers. He advised the young man to divide his intelligence into four kinds, namely, True, Probable, Rumored, and False. In this way, Mr. Jefferson thought, all classes of readers would be satisfied. The busy man would open his paper, and look at once for the department headed TRUE, under which he would find from three to twelve lines of interesting matter—all he wanted. Having read these, he would hand the paper to a more idle reader, who would go as far as the PROBABLE. Others, who can never get news enough, would devour the whole, True, Probable, Rumored, and False; and all of these with equal zest. Another advantage would be, that the newspaper press would gain a vast accession of respectability, without losing any of its interest.

LEISURE HOURS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

No. Twenty.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

Burke remarks that "the march of the human mind is slow" in the discovery and application of great political truths. With respect to the all-important question, what is the best form of government, two truths only of the highest order had been discovered and applied before the American Revolution. Pope would suppress all further search in this direction, by his magnificent epigram:

> For forms of government let fools contest,
> Whate'er is best administered is best.

But this doctrine, absurd in itself, settles nothing. Besides placing the government of Turkey and that of England on the same footing, it leaves unanswered the only important question, what form of government is most likely to be best administered? Alexander the first of Russia understood this: When Madame de Staël flattered him that his character was the Constitution of his empire, he answered that if that was the case, their welfare depended on an accident.

The two great truths referred to were, that small states admitted free governments, and that large empires required strong ones; understanding by free governments those which proceed directly *from* the governed, and are directly responsible *to* them; and by strong governments, those which rest only on the acquiescence of the people; which are upheld by military power; and which admitted no remedy for abuses but the moral influence of public opinion and the extreme right of revolution.

The ancient world did not get beyond these two principles. The first was applied for short periods in Greece and Rome; but all the rest of the world, as far as we know from the beginning, and the two states just named, after brief and unsuccessful experiments of free institutions, settled down upon the assumption that the Nations of the Earth, in the long run, could be ruled by nothing but the strong arm of power. It has sometimes seemed that you might say of all Peoples what one of the Ministers of Louis Philippe said after his downfall of his own country—that there are two kinds of government which the People of France will not submit to, viz.: a Republic and a Monarchy. The dangerous maladies of States sometimes spring not from this or that alleged abuse, but from the ambitions, the passions, and the corruptions of the leaders and the led, which make *any* government impossible.

The two principles to which I have alluded had each its great attending evil, that rendered some further progress in the Science of Government necessary for the happiness of mankind. The welfare of small states under republican governments, wholly administered by the People or very directly responsible to them, is apt to be constantly disturbed by gusts of popular passion. For the want of that time for reflection,—that pause between the different stages of administration, which obtains in a system that spreads over a great space and large populations, —the most momentous measures may be decided by the caprice of a popular assembly at a single session. All the social institutions and interests tremble for want of stability, and property and life become so precarious as to be almost worthless.

Then, if the state is very small, the policy will be small, the standard of political character low, and every thing be planned and executed on a petty municipal scale. If a great character, Heaven inspired, springs up, his first impulse will necessarily be to stretch beyond the limits of the tribe, and by peaceful alliance or the conquering sword, possess himself of a broader and a nobler field of action. Moses leads forth his brethren from an Egyptian province to the conquest of Canaan. Pericles, from the citadel of Athens, struggles for the sovereignty of Greece. The chiefs of Republican Rome grasp at the dominion first of the surrounding states of Italy, and then of the world.

Finally if a small state stands alone in the vicinity of a powerful neighbor, it holds its existence on sufferance. If a group of small independent states are placed side by side in the same region, they are doomed to eternal wars with each other, and fall at last the victims one by one to the intrigues or arms of the nearest aggressive Power. There were more than a hundred Hanse towns in the middle ages, each an independent little republic; Bremen, Hamburg, and Lübeck alone are left.

In this way the first form of government either sinks by its inherent weakness and becomes a prey to its powerful neighbor, or grows up itself into an aggressive and conquering state, ruled of necessity by a strong hand.

The besetting evil of strong governments ruling over great empires is the necessarily uncompromising nature of Power. The rights and interests of individuals are crushed by the inflexible rule. Power is a divine force, but on earth it has got to be wielded by fallible, often by wicked men. The power which decides the fates of millions by a rescript, has no time to study individual cases and examine particular localities. During the visit of the Emperor Nicholas to London in 1844 I was informed by a person in near attendance upon him, that more than nine hundred letters came to his address from Russia, in the three or four days of his visit. At home the daily number must be greater. How is it possible that one mind, with whatever subdivision of labor, can give heed to such a vast number of daily applications? The memoirs of Baron Menneval, the private secretary of Napoleon I., throw much light on this point; especially when we consider, that in addition to the personal appeals made to himself, the great mass of the business of his empire must of course have been transacted with the civil and military chiefs and departments of all ranks and names.

However wisely or kindly such a government is administered it is impossible that there should not be wholesale abuse, oppression and corruption, especially in the remote dependencies and subject provinces, given up to subordinate tyrants of every name—Satraps, Vice Roys, Proconsuls, and military governors.

To escape the evils incident to the two kinds of government, political wisdom has been tasked to unite in some modified form the characteristic advantages of each, combining the power and stability of large empires with the benefits of responsible local administration peculiar to small free states. Various devices have been resorted to, in order to effect this object; municipal and national charters; councils of state, and especially parliaments and courts of justice; all intended in their appropriate ways to relieve the austerity of despotic power, to protect individual right, and reflect popular feeling and opinion. The governments of the leading Powers of Europe are specimens of the different ways in which this all-important problem has been solved. The great success which has attended the attempt made in England to combine a strong central hereditary power with a privileged class in one branch of the legislature and a representative body directly responsible to the people in the other has given a *prėstige* to parliamentary government in the other European States;—but it has almost wholly failed in most of the monarchies where it has been tried, and has not fully succeeded in any of them. But the march of the mind is slow;—important changes in government have seldom succeeded in the world, except when they have grown up from an historical germ.

There was therefore manifestly room for a further improvement, some new mode of combining the benefits of freedom and power, the characteristic advantages of large and small states, the local administration of local interests with the strength and stability of imperial sway. The march of the human mind is slow; but it had reached a point where the want of such an improvement was urgently felt; where a noble stage for the experiment was provided; and auspicious circumstances concurred for its success.

A family of provincial settlements, within a little more than two centuries and a half, was established upon the Eastern shores of this Continent, under the auspices of the great powers of Europe, principally England. Mainly neglected by the parent States, they were trained in the discipline of local government, to a considerable degree responsible to the people. They opened no very tempting field to proconsular ambition and offered no rich bribes to proconsular greed. Nearly homogeneous in origin, language, and the other great traits of Nationality; connected with each other as provinces subject to the same crown; driven by the exigencies of border war to act together for the common safety and defence; separated by the Atlantic and the wilderness from the rest of the world, they grew up as one People; ripe, when the accepted time should arrive, to be constituted under one government. As separate Colonies they became familiar with all the resorts and appliances of an independent political organization, modelled mainly after the pattern of the parent country; while common interests and wants bound them together in kindly interdependence.

Thus the most hopeful preparation was made for the discovery of a new political Truth;—the establishment of a form of government, not new in its elements, but new in their adjustment and combination. If it succeeds, the great defect in all pre-existing governments is remedied, and the glowing visions of sages and patriots are fulfilled. A very remarkable passage from Montesquieu, quoted in the ninth number of the Federalist, pointed directly to the establishment of a form of government of which all the materials, unknown to that celebrated writer, were existing on this continent when the American Revolution broke out. In 1748, while half of North America was subject to France, and the other half to England, and the rise of a great new power in this quarter of the world was as little dreamed of as the emergence of a new continent from the depths of the ocean, the great French philosopher-statesman observed, that—"It is very probable that mankind would have been obliged at length to live constantly under the government of a single person, had they not contrived a kind of constitution, that has all the internal advantages of a republican, together with the external force of a monarchical government; I mean a confederate republic.

"This form of government is a convention, by which several smaller states agree to become members of a larger one, which they intend to form. It is a kind of assemblage of societies that constitutes a new one, capable of increasing by means of new associations, till they arrive at such a degree of power as to be able to provide for the security of the united body."

Montesquieu was closely studied by the statesmen of the revolution, and it is somewhat amusing to witness the adroitness with which, in the address of the Continental Congress to the people of Quebec in 1774, he is quoted as "your countryman, the immortal Montesquieu." But Montesquieu had no better examples of modern confederacies than those of the Netherlands and Switzerland, and it is not wonderful that he did not more distinctly announce the conditions which were essential to the solution of the great problem.

It would be but an abridgment of the History of the Revolution to rehearse the successive steps by which the great consummation was effected. They can be but briefly hinted at. First, a spontaneous uprising and self-assertion of the citizens of the colonies as one People, involved in a common peril, engaged in a common cause, and represented by delegates in a congress, which, without a constitution, written or unwritten, acts as a supreme government, and nominally with undisputed authority for peace and for war. Second, an organization of the local governments made on the advice of the Continental Congress, given at the request of the late colonies, and brought about as nearly as possible by such changes in the provincial Institutions as fitted them to meet the new state of affairs. Such was the first simple machinery of the new order of things; Congress without any express delegation of power acting for the whole; the State governments newly constituted administering the local interests, and forming a medium of communication between the people and the Central Power.

An intermediary year of transition passes; the movement slowly takes the form of revolution; petitions for redress are laid without success at the foot of the throne; the blood of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill is shed, and at length the Independence of the United States is declared. It is declared because when "it becomes necessary for ONE PEOPLE to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, * * a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes that impel them to the separation."

Thus the Independence of the *United* States is declared, but no *act* of union exists, and the thoughts of the Fathers are immediately turned to its formation. In a solemn address to the People in the Summer of 1775, assigning the causes of their resort to arms, the Congress asserts that "our Union is perfect;" but it was so in spirit, and by the irresistible force of circumstances, and not in virtue of any constitutional organization. This was delayed till the contest was nearly over. It is a popular error that the Articles of Confederation carried the country through the war. Those articles were not finally adopted by all the Colonies till the Spring of 1781, a few months before the war was virtually brought to a close by the surrender at Yorktown.

This was the next distinct step toward the accomplishment of the great ulterior object, but not wisely nor successfully taken. The ages that had gone before them furnished no practical guide; the sagacity of the theorist was at fault. The framers of the *Confederation* were misled by that respectable name, beyond which political philosophy had not travelled, and they forgot that a federal compact was not an united government. They accordingly made no provision for the action of the Central power on the individual citizen; and this defect was fatal. The powers nominally granted to Congress were adequate, but there was no executive to administer them, and no means of enforcing the obedience of the people. Accordingly, when the perils of war ceased to furnish a bond of Union, the Articles of Confederation failed entirely to accomplish that end. They had not carried the country through the war; nor could they carry it through the peace that followed.

One more effort, or rather a series of conspiring efforts, on the part of Congress, the States, and the People, and the great work is accomplished. The Federal Constitution is framed; and while the separate State governments remain unimpaired, for all the purposes of purely local administration, the People embodied in the States are moulded into the People of the Union. Without ceasing to be a citizen of the individual State, every individual became a citizen of the United States. The new Constitution and the laws made in pursuance thereof, are declared to be the Supreme law of the land, any thing in the constitution and laws of the separate States to the contrary notwithstanding.

By this simple device, the great improvement in the science and practice of civil polity is effected. We have now a complex system of local and general government; providing for all the ends and exigencies of administration at home, and at the same time creating an efficient central power. I call the device simple, but description can hardly do justice to the combination of circumstances necessary to its origin, its successful application, and its convenient expansion with the lapse of time. The colonial training; the revolutionary struggle; the protecting ocean in front; the broad, unoccupied continent in the rear; the convulsions of Europe; the successive acquisition of vast territories, affording space for the rapid multiplication of States, and thus calling into action the utmost vigor of the principle vaguely pointed out by Montesquieu, of "increasing by means of new associations." Who could have predicted, that in little more than a century from the time when those words were uttered, the Anglo-American colonies, then less known to Montesquieu than the Iroquois and Hurons on their borders, would have constituted a United People, consisting of thirteen States, to which twenty-one new "associates" should be added, joining the great world-oceans and stretching over the continent that separates them?

E Pluribus Unum, "one formed from many," such is the third great Truth, which United America has added to political science; the new type of government, reconciling the strength of a great with the freedom of a small state, and thus forming a decentralized republican empire. Seventy-two years of successful operation have shown the sagacity and foresight of its founders. The work of men's hands, it exhibits the imperfections of humanity; but neither ancient nor modern times have produced anything so admirable in design; and till the present severe crisis, so successful in execution. May a gracious Providence carry it through the present trial, for on the triumph of its distinctive principle, THE INDISSOLUBLE UNION OF THE PARTS IN ONE IMPERIAL WHOLE, depends the cause of Republican government for all coming time!

MISS LILY-TIP.

Did you ever see Miss Lily-Tip? She is one of the kitten-style of young ladies, whose "feelings is too many for her!" Not that she is young; on the contrary. Not that she is pretty; her profile is quite of the nut-cracker style. Not that she is round and plump; she is angular as a clothes-horse; but she is so romantic and buoyant, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, that neither her heels, or her thoughts, ever touch the ground. She slips *in* the door, and she skips *out* the door, nipping up her dress on each side, with the tips of her fingers like a ballet-girl cultivating space. She strikes an attitude at the window, and rolls up her eyes at the clouds, as if they "hadn't oughter" be so sweet. Then she plays imaginary tunes on the window-sill, to show her rings; now and then varying the performance by clapping and clasping her hands, as if some exciting panorama were being somewhere unrolled to her spiritualized eyes. Then she pushes her hair from her brow, and lets the cruel wind blow on it. Then she frowns, and the heavens grow dark, and the passing grocer-boy looks astonished.

I think Miss Lily-Tip has an unfulfilled mission; and that's what is preying on her. I had hoped when nurses "of a certain age" were called for, that she might have fancied doing the "Florence Nightingale;" but as I have seen her at the window, twisting what is left of her hair, I think she would be more likely to sit there, and exclaim, *Have-a lock?*

FANNY FERN.

IDOL WORSHIP.

Alas! it is not confined to heathen-countries, else I should not be disheartened that men whom I have idolized as the reliable exponents of a good and righteous cause,—men whom I believed to have lost sight, in view of it, of all petty and personal considerations, were after all human and——*small!* The worst of it is, I cannot even promise my disgust, that I never again will keep a hero! No doubt the pedestal will be re-occupied to-morrow, and I shall be lifting my eyes to it, as trustfully as if there were no such word as disappointment in the dictionary. It is a hard lesson this, to learn, and only a *very* heavy tombstone I know, will crush it out of me. Thank God when men and measures fail, the great question of right and wrong "still lives," spite of the sneering scoffer,—to be solved in God's good time, notwithstanding our impatience. So again I will fold my restless hands, and try to wait. Cries and tears and stifled sobs I know *will* find their way to the Almighty ear; and in the thick and murky atmosphere lurks the bolt of wrath that surely *will* come, if Heaven is Heaven. With it, shall spring to their feet thousands of cowering forms. The down-cast look shall give way to one of self-asserting defiance. The dumb shall at last speak. The deaf shall hear the trumpet-call that *might* is not *right;* and no murderous arrogant Cain shall dare longer to hurl in the face of the Almighty, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

FANNY FERN.

JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.

It is all very well to say "don't judge from appearances," but in emergencies that preclude the investigation of facts, appearances are sometimes the only basis upon which to found an opinion or a decision. For instance in cases where there is neither time nor opportunity to ascertain the antecedents of applicants for employment, it is necessary to *judge them by the eye*, and the eye of a shrewd, observant man is rarely at fault under such circumstances. The theory that appearances are generally fallacious, is in itself a fallacy. When we see a fellow with a face like a bull-dog, we know very well that he is not a philanthropist, and no one who ever looked upon the mild countenance of Father Matthew, supposes that under any combination of events he could have figured as a pirate or a poisoner. Napoleon held that firmness and courage were indicated by a large, well-formed nose, and that military genius was never the concomitant of a snub. Overhaul the portraits of the world's great captains, from the era of Julius Cæsar down to that of General Scott, and you will find Napoleon's dictum correct.

THE shouts of playful childhood are eloquent of the heart's sweet music—there are no sounds that gush forth so full of the active, springing, overleaping joy that knows no boundary, and the associations with their gleeful melody are those of the purest pleasure.

PRAYER.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Vainly hath the sophist spoken—
  "Fate will not renew her scroll;
Nature's order is unbroken;
  Prayer can never help the soul."

God himself, through us replying,
  Bids the deeper-eyed declare
How, when day is softly dying,
  Nature folds her hands in prayer.

See our mother nightly kneeling
  By her moonlit mountain shrine,
While the stars, through twilight stealing,
  Make a rosary divine:

Hear her solemn voice ascending
  Softly through the silent air:
Brothers! round her, breathless, bending,
  Listen to her evening prayer!

Vainly hath the sophist spoken—
  "Fate will not renew her scroll"
Though the order is unbroken,
  Prayer can glorify the soul:

Glorify her like a vision
  Painted on life's battle-gloom,
Where she may behold elysian
  Ladders rising from the tomb!

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH

AUTHOR OF "THE STEPMOTHER," "MINNIGREY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

Penury, cold, want, and crushing ruin,
Beat keen and heavy on thy infant years.
THOMPSON.

Harold and his friends had a serious subject before them to discuss—the best means of providing for Harry.

Much as they desired it, prudence forbade the two cousins residing together. Accident at any moment might betray their secret to Sir Jasper Mansell, whose hostile feelings toward his youngest nephew had been too plainly evinced to be trifled with. Judging from the past, the baronet would not hesitate at taking very decided means of ridding himself of the unoffending youth.

He had already apprenticed him to Captain Riddle.

"I be a thinkin'," said the farmer, "that, after all, the best thing will be for Master Harry to go back wi' us to Lowelstree. Won't it Tom?"

His son made no reply, probably because he had already made up his mind not to return to Lowelstree, but looked to his friend to answer for him.

"It might be advisable," observed our hero, "if we could only be assured that the ruffian, who was to have taken him to sea, would not return to seek him there."

"I thought he was sailed for Indies," urged the farmer, adhering to his first idea.

"A few weeks may bring him back again," objected Tom.

"A few weeks!" repeated his father. "I thought it took longer nor that, lad; what a thing book-larning be, but it beant given to all. Thof I be ignorant myself," he added, "I ha' done my best for thee."

"It does take longer, much longer, father," exclaimed his son, in a tone of self-reproach. "Nearly a year must elapse before the ship can return."

"Ah! thee wor mistaken then!"

"No," answered Tom, his open, manly features flushing with shame, "I could have deceived you."

"Deceived me?"

"Yes, father."

"What for?" demanded the old man, in a tone of mingled surprise and simplicity. "Have I been unkind to thee? Did I ever deny thee aught?"

"Never, father, never!"

"What would thee deceive me for, then?"

"Because I wish to remain for awhile, at least, in London with Harold and Harry," replied the young man; "but my heart would not let me carry out the deception."

"It be better nor thee head, Tom," said his father, mildly; "and thank God that it be so. But Lunnun be a bad place: the stony soil we do read on in Scripture—many a mother's hope and feyther's pride, my poor boy, has been brought to nought in it."

"Harold and Harry will be with me," urged his son.

"And misses and I at Lowelstree," observed the farmer, despondingly, "alone in our old age, a pining and dreamin' for thee. I could stand it; but thee mother, Tom, it would break her heart wor I to go back without thee, as I suppose I must do," he added, slowly; "for I never had the courage to say thee nay."

"You shall not return without me, father," exclaimed his son, grasping the old man's hand. "The wish was an ungrateful one, but I know you will forgive it."

"God bless thee, lad!" said Mr. Mayfield, in a tone of voice that sounded rather huskily, "for thee love for thee poor old parents."

"So ends our dream, Harold," added Tom. "I would have kept my promise, if I could. You see how it is," he added.

"It scarcely amounted to one," observed our hero. "I begin to understand what my dear father so frequently asserted, that the most innocent pleasures purchased at the sacrifice of duty become crimes. Let us think of it no more."

At the allusion to the curate the farmer bowed his head reverently, and murmured to himself, "that a good man's teachings were never thrown away."

He was right. At some moment of our lives, the rule and the application are certain to arrive.

"Something," observed the elder cousin, "must be decided upon. What is your opinion, Harry?"

"I will not quit London whilst you remain in it," replied the youth, firmly. "To any other precaution I can submit cheerfully, but not to separation."

From his earliest years, Harry Imray had displayed extraordinary artistic tastes, especially in modelling and painting. So decidedly did the vocation develop itself, that the curate frequently regretted his inability to afford his nephew the means necessary for pursuing his studies.

"He will become a great sculptor one day," the worthy man would exclaim, after gazing in admiration at some production of the orphan boy. "Genius will find its way."

Harold entertained the same opinion as his father, and determined that, since Fortune had cast their lot together in London, his cousin should follow the pursuit nature appeared to have marked out for him, and for this purpose he proposed to devote the money left in the hands of Farmer Mayfield.

Young as he was, our hero felt the necessity of keeping this intention a secret from all but his friend Tom, from whom, *par parenthèse*, he had no secrets. The honest farmer would not have understood him; and Harry, from pure disinterestedness, would have opposed it.

"It is not so much the difficulty of finding a home for my cousin," observed our hero, "as in selecting one where he will be safe and happy."

"Lunnun be a sad place," observed the farmer, with a solemn shake of the head.

"Don't you think Mrs. Haycock might help us?" suggested his son.

The idea was caught at instantly—his father and friend both wondered why they had not thought of it before.

"She be a good woman," exclaimed the farmer, emphatically. "Misses and I both knew her afore she married out of Lincolnshire; we may trust her. She and her husband be well to do in the world. The dairy be a profitable concern. They don't let lodgings in a general way," he added, "and only took us for old acquaintance sake."

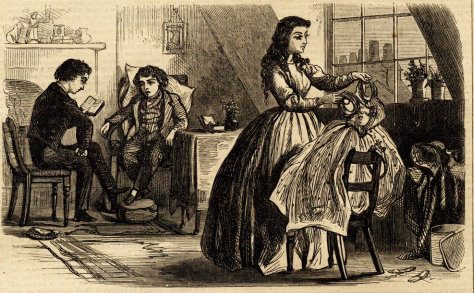
Fortunately, Mrs. Haycock did know of a house at the west end, where the young gentleman, she thought, might be very comfortable, in fact, quite at home. As for its respectability, she could answer for that, it being kept by a widow, named Page, a distant connection of her good man's.

"The very thing!" exclaimed Harold, delighted at the chance; "and where does Mrs. Page reside?"

"Princes street, Haymarket," replied the woman. "You have only to mention my name, that will be quite sufficient. Besides, she knows Mr. Mayfield, she was born at Lowelstree. You haven't forgotten Susan Atty," she added, turning to the farmer.

The following day, after banking hours, our hero and his friends found their way to the residence of Mrs. Page, a bustling, active, business sort of woman, with just that mixture of worldliness and good nature in her disposition which leaves something to regret and like. Her heart, no doubt, was still in the right place, but London and twenty years' experience as a lodging-house keeper had rendered the approaches intricate and hard to find. It warmed a little on recognizing the worthy farmer, and she expressed her willingness to do everything in her power to make Harry Islip, the name her lodger henceforth was to be known by, comfortable.

"A large, airy, light room," she repeated, after Harold had explained the nature of the accommodation his cousin would require—"the very thing—only——"



HARRY AND TELBIN.

Mrs. Page hesitated for an instant, then added that for a day or two it would be occupied.

"Could they see it?"

The mistress of the house rang the bell and whispered certain directons to the maid of all-work, who answered it.

"Lor ma'am," exclaimed the girl, "Tilly is asleep."

"No matter."

"And the doctor said——"

"No matter!" repeated her mistress, in a decided tone. "You can tell Clara," she added, "that the gentlemen only want to see the room, and won't disturb him. I will arrange the rest."

"Yes, ma'am."

And the servant of all-work disappeared.

Mrs. Page kept her visitors in conversation till sufficient time had elapsed for her directions to be carried out, then requested the cousins to follow her and view the apartment, which was situated upon the third floor. Unlike most lodgings, it proved the very thing our hero desired—large, airy, with abundance of light, and, for London, remarkably clean.

"Walk in," said the landlady. "You have not seen half its coveniences."

"Not now," replied Harold, who had advanced no further than the door.

A pale, delicate-looking girl, seated near the bed, whose half-drawn curtains shaded the slumbers of a child, raised her large blue eyes for an instant to his, and thanked him with a look so expressive of gratitude, that he at once retreated, followed by Harry.

"Have you settled?" inquired Tom, as they reached the drawing-room.

"The room will suit admirably, answered our hero; "and, but that I fear inconveniencing Mrs. Page's present lodgers——"

"You need not fear that," observed Mrs. Page. "Clara and her brother are used to moving."

Without exactly knowing why, the elder cousin felt pleased to hear that it was her brother the pale-faced girl had been watching.

"May I ask if they have been long with you?"

"Five years, off and on," replied the landlady.

"You appear rather struck with the young lady, and I am glad the lodgings is for your cousin and not for yourself."

"Why so?" demanded Harold, in the greatest astonishment.

"Because Clara Cleret is a good girl, although she does belong to the ballet," replied Mrs. Page. "An exceedingly good girl, or she would not remain here, I can tell you. But that is of no consequence," she added, secretly vexed at her own loquacity when she saw the eloquent blush her unjust suspicions had brought to the face of our hero, who, strange to say, began to like her all the better for her honest but incautious frankness.

"What be the ballet, Tom?" demanded the farmer, who felt quite as much puzzled to understand what Master Harold and the landlady were conversing about as if they had spoken Greek.

For once the son was equally at a loss as the father.

The season being over, and the party so well recommended, the mistress of the lodging-house proved moderately reasonable in her demands, and it was arranged that Harry should take possession of his room in three days.

"Provided the child is better," observed the youth as he took his leave.

The maid of all-work, who opened the hall door, looked after him with a broad grin. Something appeared to have tickled her fancy amazingly.

"Child!" she repeated; "why, Tilly be older nor he is by two good year at least. What be the new lodger called, missus?"

"Mr. Harry Islip."

For reasons easily guessed at, Harold Mansell had decided that his cousin should be known in London by no other name.

As the lodging-house and its inmates are destined to figure rather conspicuously in our tale, it will be as well to describe them somewhat more particularly to our readers.

Mrs. Page was what, in her sphere of life, is generally considered pretty well to do in the world. If, during the twenty years she had conducted the establishment, the worthy woman had met with occasional losses, they had been more than balanced by the profits; of the latter, however, she rarely spoke—persons in business seldom do. In business, as in life, there is a private page in every ledger.

The lower part of the house, which, by-the-by, was her own property—long leasehold—being far too valuable to be let as lodgings, had been occupied for fifteen years by an Italian picture dealer, named Muzetti, and his daughter. It was not without certain misgivings that the prudent landlady accepted the pale, thin, taciturn man for a tenant. His stock-in-trade did not appear very valuable—some twenty or thirty dark-looking canvasses, which, she predicted, no one in their senses would ever think of buying.

"Let the cobbler stick to his last." To Mrs. Page's astonishment the pictures were sold, and replaced by productions equally dingy, which disappeared, in turn, to make room for others. The landlady never could understand how the Italian lived by his trade; for her part, she would not have given the half-dozen handsomely-colored prints that hung in the drawing-room for the entire contents of his shop.

Exactly in the same ratio as the circumstances of her tenant improved did Mrs. Page's good opinion of him; but the culminating point of confidence may be dated from the day on which the Italian paid his rent, for the first time, by a check, drawn upon Coutts. Nothing could shake it after that, and the worthy woman showed her appreciation of him by many little acts of motherly kindness to his child, who, at the time Harry became an inmate of the house, was fast emerging into womanhood.

Bianca Muzetti was, in truth, a remarkable girl; her features, when in repose, reminded one of the dreamy beauty of the land of her birth; but there the comparison ended, for her mind was not only active but highly cultivated; that is to say, she spoke several languages perfectly—had read much for her years, possessed a natural taste, we might add, a passion, for music, and a fine appreciation for all that is divine in art.

These strongly-marked characteristics had been inherited from her father, together with his piercing black eyes and dark hair, which she wore in what must have been considered of singular fashion in those days—when ringlets were considered the proper thing—simply braided round her head, displaying a fair and lofty brow, that might have rivalled Raphael's Fornarina.

There was something also in her air and expression at once winning and commanding—the nameless spell which, once seen and felt, sets the heart of youth a dreaming.

Much of the Italian's success in business was undoubtedly owing to his daughter's tact. Few amateurs continued to maintain their own opinion against her eloquence; she persuaded by suggesting, and customers—especially the young ones—discovered, when too late, that they had been caught quite as much by the daughter's eyes as the father's pictures.

The first floor of the house had been occupied for several years by a lodger, respecting whom the landlady had not quite made up her mind. Not but Mr. Arnold paid regularly; she had no fault to find with him on that account—his proceedings, his occupation, manner of living—in fact, the entire man was a mystery. He never received either letters or visitors; occasionally he would absent himself for three or four days, and, on his return, lock himself in his room for as long a period. The maid of all-work thought that he was mad, and but for the keenness with which he detected the slightest error in his bills, her mistress probably might have inclined to the same opinion.

Mrs. Page felt perfectly satisfied upon one point, that, although exceedingly close, her lodger was also exceedingly cute. In fact, it would have been strange if she had concluded otherwise, seeing that he invariably settled his monthly accounts in such nice new notes, or bright sovereigns, that they must have come direct from the Bank or the Mint.

In person, Mr. Arnold, who could not have been less than fifty, presented nothing remarkable. He was tall, thin, and gentlemanly, slightly nervous—no unusual weakness in the good old days of George the Fourth, when a man who could not take his three bottles after dinner was looked upon as a milksop.

Thank Heaven, Englishmen have improved since then in manners, if not in morals.

By far the most interesting lodgers in the house were Clara Cleret and her brother. Left to the cold mercies of the world at a very early age, they were all in all to each other. Clara, as her landlady asserted, was strictly good, although she *did* belong to the ballet. Poor girl! she had never had an opportunity of belonging to anything else; Mr. Parfit, a money-lender and stock-broker, who had known something of her parents, having apprenticed her, when a mere child, to Madame Soubin, the once celebrated dancer, out of charity, as he said.

Those who knew him smiled at the word; it sounded very like mockery to talk of Mr. Parfit's charities. Had she been alone in the world, Clara might have done well in her profession—that is to say, comparatively well, considering how greatly she disliked it, or she might have gone wrong—it was not for want of temptation she did not do so. More than one of the carrion flies of Fashion, that buzz around defenceless virtue, tainting all they prey upon, had seen, admired, and marked her for a victim, but the natural purity of her mind, and the helplessness of her brother, entirely dependent upon her exertions, had hitherto preserved her.

Perhaps, after all, there was no great merit due to her, for her heart had never yet been touched. *When that pleads*, then is the temptation and the struggle.

Although one of the most perfectly formed beings imaginable, and singularly handsome, Telbin Cleret, or Tilly, as the maid of all-work called him, had the misfortune to be a dwarf. At the age of sixteen he might have been taken for a child of nine or ten by common observers. Like all persons similarly afflicted, the poor little fellow was exceedingly sensitive and passionate; but a word, a look from the sister he idolized, at any moment, could calm him.

Perhaps the greatest annoyance he endured arose from his inability to earn his own livelihood, except by making an exhibition of his person—a degradation from which his very soul revolted, and yet he would often speak of it when Clara was out of a situation, and he felt how severely his support must press upon her slender means.

For several weeks a low feverish languor had consumed him, and Telbin kept his bed. The medical man, whom, despite the slender state of her finances, his sister had insisted upon calling in, advised change of air.

Poor Clara sighed. He might as well have prescribed gold dust or powdered pearls.

"Extreme quiet, then."

That, at least, she could procure him, and the affectionate girl unhesitatingly gave up her own room to the invalid, whom she watched over and tended with untiring, patient solicitude.

Such was the position of affairs in the house in Princes street when Harold Mansel engaged the room the danseuse occupied for his cousin.

"I am really sorry for Telbin," said the landlady, when she informed her lodger of the arrangement, but the season has really been so bad—besides, the young gentleman is recommended by my relative, Mrs. Haycock, whom I cannot disoblige; so you see it is not exactly for the money. After all," she added, "the garrets are quite as airy, and you may use the drawing-room the greater part of the day, Mr. Arnold so rarely returns before night."

"You are very kind," replied Clara, with a sigh of resignation. "I shall never be able to repay you for your goodness to me."

"Not a word about that," interrupted Mrs. Page. "It is not much that I have done, or can afford to do. The will is good."

"I am quite sure it is," observed the poor girl, meekly.

The well-to-do mistress of the house did not feel quite self-satisfied, conscience whispered her that she might have done more. The price of the room, after all, was no very serious object to a lone woman who had money in the Five per Cents.—there were such things then, gentle reader—and only herself to provide for.

"If I could get him into the country," said Clara, "but for a week."

"Why not see Mr. Parfit?" suggested Mrs. Page.

"I have exhausted his benevolence."

"Benevolence!" repeated the landlady, in a tone of contempt; "he never knew the meaning of the word. Look at the man. Starvation would turn from him without venturing to ask for a morsal of bread. He has about as much charity as honesty, and you might put both in a nutshell."

"You wrong him, indeed you wrong him," exclaimed the *danseuse*; "he was kind to us, very kind, when we were children."

"And why has he ceased to be so."

Her lodger remained silent; she could not answer that question.

"I will tell you," added the speaker. "Because he no longer fears being found out and called to account. Shall I see him for you?"

"He would be so angry."

"A fig for his anger!"

"He forbade me to mention his name to any one."

"A proof," remarked Mrs. Page, drily, "that he knows the exact value the world would set upon his acquaintance. I'll tell you what it is, Clara, if Telbin does not get better, I have made up my mind to call upon him, whether you like it or not."

CHAPTER VIII.

The love of gold, that meanest rage
And latest folly of man's sinking age,
Which rarely venturing in the van of life,
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
And dies collecting lumber in the rear.
MOORE.

Being in town, Farmer Mayfield thought it no more than his duty to wait upon his landlord, a very philosophical, speculative gentleman, who had represented the county in Parliament for many years. What passed at that interview need not be stated now. It is sufficient for our readers to know that, to Tom's great delight, his father informed him that he had made up his mind to prolong his stay in London a second week.

He arrived on the very eve of their proposed departure, on the morning of the day Harry was to take possession of his new lodging.

A second week in London with his friend Harold! The young farmer was in the seventh heaven of delight. He would have given his best dog or gun but for another day. No wonder that he was profuse in the expression of his gratitude.

"I am glad thee are satisfied, Tom," said the old man. "But truth be truth; and it beant entirely to pleasure thee; it be business as well."

"Business, father! what business can you——"

"Don't 'ee be curious, lad," interrupted Mr. Mayfield, with a smile; "thee will larn it all in good time, if it do turn out right; and, if it don't," he added, "thee had better not larn it, seein' it would only vex 'ee."

His son pressed no further. The disappointment of his curiosity was but a trifling price for so much happiness.

"Harold! dear Harold!" exclaimed his cousin, when he saw a stock of colors, prepared canvass, and materials for modelling, which the former had purchased and sent to his new abode, "I shall never be able to repay you for so much kindness. You will beggar yourself for me," he added.

"An excellent investment," replied our hero, smilingly.

"Investment!"

"Which you shall repay when you are a great artist, and all the world running after your productions. It will be something for the poor clerk to boast of his uncle, the rich banker, and his cousin, the celebrated sculptor. You shall write your gratitude in marble."

"It is written in my heart," exclaimed the youth, warmly; "and yet, delighted as I feel with your gifts, I would resign them all not to be separated from you," he added.

"It pains me deeply," replied Harold, taking his hand. "The few past weeks have taught me more than the years which preceded them. I have discovered," he continued, "the existence of a law to which all must bow—necessity. The unhappy are those who struggle against it—waste their existence on a fruitless opposition. As well attempt to enchain the sea, evoke fire from ice—the law still rises firm and implacable. We crush both heart and brain when we dash ourselves against it."

"I believe you are right," murmured Harry, with a sigh.

"After all," added our young philosopher, gaily, "the separation is but nominal; in fact, no separation at all. We can meet every evening, or nearly so. The distance is not so great from Islington to Princes street."

The speaker and Tom remained arranging the young artist's books and sketches till St. Martin's clock struck ten, when, with a hearty shake of the hand, they bade him good night, and set forth on their return home, where they found Mr. Mayfield and Mr. and Mrs. Haycock at a table covered with account-books, ledgers and papers.

"Back so soon?" said the farmer, in a tone of surprise.

"Soon!" repeated his son. "Why, it has struck eleven. We were afraid you would feel uneasy."

"So it be!" exclaimed the old man, looking at his watch. "Well, time, for sartin, do pass more swiftly in Lunnun nor in the country. I thought to a done it all afore thee came back."

"Can we assist you," demanded Harold, pointing to the books and papers.

"No, no," replied Mr. Mayfield, hastily; "neither thee nor Tom would understand my pot-hooks and figurin. Cousin Haycock and his wife has been takin' stock.

"And the farmer has been helping us," added the mistress of the dairy.

Long before daybreak Mr. Mayfield was up, and writing a long letter to his wife—the very longest he had ever written, which he posted without mentioning it to his son.

Decidedly he must have had some very particular reason for remaining another week in London. Harry Islip had not been more than three days in his new lodging before he was on the best of terms with every inmate of the house, except Mr. Arnold, who appeared to have a nervous dread of making new acquaintances. Hannah, the maid of all-work, declared it was a pleasure to wait on him, he was so sweet spoken; and he quite won the heart of Clara Cleret by his kind inquiries after the health of her brother, who still continued in that low, feverish state, which, despite the skill of the doctor, refused to terminate in a crisis.

"Do you think he would like me to come and read to him?" inquired Harry.

"My brother is very peculiar," replied the *danseuse*, hesitatingly; "to the form of a child he joins the heart and brain of a man. Perhaps you are not aware——"

"That he is a dwarf," added the youth, willing to spare her the pain of pronouncing the word. "Mrs. Page hinted as much to me; but what has that to do with my visit? You need not fear my wounding his sensibility by any indiscretion."

"Thank you," said the sister, warmly. "I will speak to Telbin first."

The next day she informed the young artist that the invalid consented to see him, and conducted him to the garret, to which he had been removed.

"You may draw back the curtain, *and look at me*," exclaimed a voice, in that harsh treble peculiar to persons who are deformed, or whose growth has been suddenly arrested by some caprice of Nature.

"Thank you," replied Harry, with more tact than might have been expected from his years, "I like to see the faces of my friends."

He almost started when he beheld the features of the dwarf; never had he seen a countenance more beautifully expressive. Large, lustrous, black eyes, to which fever lent an additional light; a lofty, well-developed forehead, shaded by a profusion of curling hair, and a finely-chiselled mouth, and nostril of the true Grecian cut, the former slightly sarcastic.

"Well," added the invalid, "what do you think of me?"

"That you are not half so ill," answered his visitor, "as the affection of your sister has led her to suppose."

"Umph!" ejaculated Telbin, drily.

"Fresh air," continued the speaker.

"How am I to obtain it?" interrupted the singular being; "I am too poor to hire a carriage."

"Are you not strong enough to walk?" inquired Harry, tenderly.

"Walk!" repeated Telbin, bitterly, "oh, yes, I am strong enough to walk, and be followed by the curious, gaping crowd of idlers, anxious to stare at the caricature of humanity—walk, and be driven mad by the mocking smile, the pretended pity, or worse, the vulgar derision of those to whom God has given the strength of limb and natural proportions.

"What do you come for?" he added.

"To read to you, converse with you, if you will permit me," said the young artist, mildly, "to share with your sister the task of attending to you."

"Poor Clara," murmured the dwarf, in a gentler tone. "Yes! yes! it will be a relief to her. Thank you, sir, thank you, for I believe your meaning to be kindly. I will listen to you. Come when you please."

"I have brought several books with me," observed Harry, anxious to avail himself of the permission—"'Akenside,' 'Milton,' 'Shakespeare' and 'Scott.'"

"Have you 'Swift's'?"

"Yes, in my chamber."

"Fetch them. I like 'Gulliver's Travels,' they almost reconcile me to Providence for making me an outcast from humanity."

"Not that work, Telbin, not that work," exclaimed Clara, anxiously.

His visitor, who at first had deemed his selection a mere childish preference, understood her objection, and, opening the volume of the "Paradise Lost," commenced reading the first canto. The sister thanked him with a smile, and, seating herself near the window, occupied herself in arranging one of her theatrical dresses.

The next day the dwarf received his new acquaintance far more graciously, and, before a week had passed, began to look forward to his visits with impatience.

"I should like to model his head," thought Harry, "but I suppose I must not ask him yet."

Mrs. Page was one of those women who, to use a homely phrase, rarely suffer the grass to grow beneath their feet. She could do no harm, she mentally calculated, by seeing Mr. Parfit and explaining the position of his former *protégée*, and, possibly, might accomplish some good. At any rate the attempt was worth the trial, and she resolved upon making it without again consulting Clara or her brother.

The step was rather a singular one, considering how well she knew the character of the man—he was her ground landlord—and the little faith she placed in his charity and benevolent feelings, for which, some how or other, he had managed to obtain a reputation.

Possibly she thought that something might be extracted from his fears.

The money-lender and broker was exceedingly methodical in all habits of business. As for his private ones, we have nothing at present to say to them. When, therefore, his clerk informed him that 237, Princes street was waiting in the outer office to see him, he at once referred to his books, concluding that she came to pay the ground rent.

"Why, it is not due yet," he observed.

"Perhaps she wants to raise money, sir."

Mr. Parfit shook his head—he knew something of Mrs. Page's affairs. She was too well off for that.

"Or to sell," added the clerk.

"Show her in," said his employer.

Nothing could exceed the urbanity with which Mr. Parfit listened to the statement of his visitor respecting the poverty of Clara and the illness of her brother.

"It is kind of you—very kind, indeed, to interest yourself so greatly on their account," he observed, "especially when you have so many things you ought to attend to at home—but I can do nothing for them, positively nothing. I have so many claims upon me; besides, I do not exactly approve the mode of life the girl has chosen."

"Why you apprenticed her to Madame Soubin yourself," exclaimed Mrs. Page.

"I?"

"Madame told me so."

"*Did apprentice her*, I was about to add," replied Mr. Parfit, "with the idea of her gaining a living by teaching, not exhibiting her dancing on the boards of a theatre."

"Poor little Telbin will die unless removed into the country."

"We are all mortal," observed the money-lender, "I should think it would be a great release."

"True," said the warm-hearted woman, "but not all fit to be taken away. Of course, I did not come to you," she continued, "under the idea that you would assist them. You have done a great deal already. But they *must* have somebody belonging to them, able and willing to help them."

"I fear not," remarked the gentleman, drily.

"At any rate, sir, I am resolved to try it."

The living money-bag regarded her with surprise.

"I intend to place an advertisement in the papers, offering a reward—I need not say how much—for any information respecting the parents, relatives, or friends of Clara and Telbin Cleret, who were charitably assisted and brought up by a gentleman named Parfit, who apprenticed the girl to Madame Soubin, Ballet mistress at Her Majesty's Theatre."

"It might answer," said Mr. Parfit, musingly. "But I would rather my name were not mentioned in it."

"A good deed should not be concealed," observed Mrs. Page. "Charity is so rare."

"Very," repeated the money-lender.

"I thought, perhaps, as I am no great scholar," said his visitor, "that you would be good enough to draw up the advertisement for me?"

"Willingly."

"Thank you, sir."

"Will you dictate it?"

The landlady of Clara and Telbin dictated the advertisement, word for word, in the same terms as she had announced her attention, observing closely all the while the countenance of Mr. Parfit, whose pen more than once required mending.

"It has staggered him," she thought.

"I must not give way," mentally ejaculated the gentleman. "There is the advertisement," he added, speaking aloud, and at the same time pushing it to her across the table.

"If you please, Mr. Parfit, it is not finished yet."

He slowly took up the pen.

"A reward of *ten pounds*—I name the sum this time," she added; "will be paid for the address of Anne Betts, who nursed the children."

"Who?" demanded the writer, dashing down the pen, and fixing his eyes upon her with a singular expression.

"Anne Betts."

"And where, in the fiend's name, did you learn that name?"

"Clara remembers it," replied Mrs. Page, in her usually mild tone; for she saw the arrow had struck, and had no wish to irritate the wound unnecessarily.

Mr. Parfit deliberately tore up the advertisement.

"It would be wasting your money to insert this," he observed, drily.

The landlady assured him as drily "that she could afford it."

"Even if it succeeds," he added, slowly, "which I doubt, considerable time must elapse before their relatives can be discovered; and when discovered, ten to one but they turn out rather too poor, or too unfeeling to assist them."

"Some people *are* very unfeeling," said Mrs. Page.

"Is the boy so very ill?"

"Very ill, Mr. Parfit."

"How much do you suppose, or rather how little would be sufficient to remove him into the country?"

"Not less than twenty pounds."

"Twenty devils!" exclaimed the money-lender, furiously; "half must be ample."

"If ten pounds would have done it, I need not have come to you, sir," observed his visitor, not in the slightest alarmed at this sudden burst of passion. She felt that she had hooked the fish, and show what play he might, would succeed in landing him. "I would have given it myself instead of spending it on advertisements."

"Well! it certainly is more than I contemplated bestowing upon them again," said Mr. Parfit, slowly, opening his cheque-book: "but to save life."

"And do a good action," added Mrs. Page.

"As you say—and do a good action—there. But you must never apply to me again upon the subject. I have many claims upon me."

"*Similar ones*, no doubt," observed his visitor, quietly pocketing the cheque. "Benevolence is a great luxury. Pity we can't all afford it."

"A great pity," growled the money-lender.

"Good morning, Mr. Parfit."

"Good morning, Mrs. Page!"

The kind-hearted, shrewd woman felt perfectly satisfied within her own mind that it was ambition rather than charity she had extorted from her proud landlord, and, as she hastened home, asked herself seriously, whether it really might not be advisable, after all, to insert the advertisement.

"If worth Mr. Parfit's while to pay twenty pounds to suppress it," she mentally argued, "it surely must be worth ten to Clara and her brother to make it public." Before reaching Princes street, she had half made up her mind to risk it.

Mrs. Page had not left the office of her proud landlord many seconds before he rang the bell, and directed his clerk to bring him a copy of the lease by which she held her house.

"Take it to Slime and Shears, my lawyers," he said, when the man brought it, "and give them this letter."

It contained but one line.

"Gentlemen,—Can you find a flaw in it?"

The next day he received a reply equally laconic.

"Dear Sir,—If you wish it.—Slime and Shears."

Mr. Parfit smiled gravely as he read it.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

PASSAGE OF THE PASA MALA.

Not many years ago, I had occasion, in my official capacity of *administrador* of the San Carlos Mining Company in Batavia, to make the journey over the Cordilleras to Puerta La Mar. I had made the trip several times before, but never at that season. It was in July, a season of the year, of all others, the most unpropitious for the passage of the lofty mountain passes, as they were at this time liable to the visists of terrible storms from the south, that partake more of the character of those fierce northers of polar seas, than anything else they can be compared to.

But my business was urgent, involving very heavy pecuniary interests to my employers, and notwithstanding the probable dangers I should have to encounter, I set forth accompanied by three of my best peons, and followed by my faithful spaniel, Yavi, who was always permitted to join in our expeditions.

On the evening of the second day we reached the foot of the mountains, and encamped under the lee of a huge mass of broken rocks; and early on the following morning commenced our toilsome ascent of the Sierra, whose Alps piled upon Alps, rose above us, and frowned down upon our little party, as if warning us to desist from the dangerous attempt of scaling them.

We were all four mounted on strong and sure-footed mules, while a fifth mule carried our baggage, and provisions for the journey.

Our path was nothing more than a scarcely perceptible trail, that wound round upwards full fifteen miles to the summit of one of the tallest peaks of the range, no other route being practicable. This trail sometimes carried us along the crest of sharp ridges, where no other animals than the mountain goats and Andean mules would ever have ventured; then upon the verge of frightful precipices, to look down which would make the strongest nerves tremble. Anon it would scale an almost precipitous cliff by a sort of ladder, or notches cut into the solid rock; then again, over broken and crumbling rocks, that threatened at every step to roll from under the feet of the mules and throw us headlong into the bottomless abysses that yawned darkly beneath us.

My peons were brave fellows, and as they urged their animals along the frightful path, cheered the toilsome journey with their shrill songs and merry shouts, which sounded strangely among the cliffs, and occasionally scared from their eyries the screaming eagles, and broad-winged condors.

We had reached about midway up the ascent, when we came to a sort of platform under a bold escarpment, that almost overhung the path; while to our right was the edge of a sheer descent of immeasurable hight. It was customary to halt here for sufficient time to reconnoitre the path in the advance, as it passed over one of those dangerous ridges scarcely wider than our saddles, and which wound round the face of a detached cliff. This air bridge, one of the sides of which dropped abruptly down into an abyss, the bottom of which no human eye had ever penetrated, was called the *Mala Pasa* (bad pass), over which but one animal could pass at a time, for the attempt of two to pass each other would result in the certain destruction of one or the other, if not of both.

On arriving at the sheltered platform, the usual halt was made, while one of the peons dismounted, and on foot, advanced to see if any travellers might be in sight, approaching from above. He was absent but a few moments, hardly long enough, as it proved, to make a proper reconnoisance, when he returned and reported the path all clear. Trusting to the man's better knowledge of the locality, I ordered the men to remount, and recommenced the march.

The order of our march was as follows:—The pack mule with her bell took the lead, after her followed José, the guide, and myself, while the rear was brought up by the other two peons. Yavi trotted along, sometimes in front, sometimes in rear, as best suited himself. But on this occasion he bounded away in advance of the pack mule.

On turning a sudden angle of the cliff, we found ourselves upon the dangerous ridge already described. It was tortuous, following the bending of the sides of the detached cliff, that one could see but a few rods ahead. We had just reached this frightful pass, when Yavi came running back, and waking the echoes of the place with his loud and excited bark, every now and then looked back towards the direction from which he had come. I immediately knew, by the conduct of the intelligent animal, that there was some obstruction upon the trail, and instantly ordered a halt. José had already come to a stand still, and turning in his saddle, looked back towards me with a countenance expressive of the greatest alarm.

"What is it José?" I demanded.

"Does your worship hear that bell?" said the man, while he hurriedly crossed himself, and sliding over the crupper of his mule, reached the ground.

"Yes," said I; "what of it? It's the bell of our leader."

'No, no, Señor! I know the voice of that bell well. Your worship," he continued, still repeatedly crossing himself and trembling with terror: "yonder comes Juan Atonez, with his *atajo*, (drove of mules,) descending the sierra. I know his bell as well as Juan's own voice. Great God! Senor," he exclaimed, "I fear we are lost!"

Juan Atonez was one of the arrieros of Don Carlos, whom I had dispatched, two weeks before, to Puerta La Mar, with twenty *cargas* of bullion; and it was on account of this valuable consignment that I was now making the passage of the Cordilleras.

"Do you not hear the tinkle of our own leader's bell?" I asked.

"No, Señor," answered José. "The mule has spied the party, and halted in the pass."

Still nearer and nearer came the sound of the approaching bell, and when it had reached within a few rods of where we were standing, it suddenly ceased. The two leaders had met upon that frightful ridge, and with an instinctive knowledge of their terrible position, had halted.

At that instant a shout reached my ear from the advancing party. It was indeed Juan, the arriero of the Ménas.

I replied to him; and stating the number of my little party and our own situation, ordered him to back his animals to a broader portion of the ridge, which I knew could not be far in his rear.

"It cannot be done, Señor," he answered, with a tremulous voice; "my *atajo* is now halted on the mecheta (swordblade), and the first backward step would tumble them over the edge of the cliffs!"

While this hurried conversation was being held, our mules, perfectly aware of our danger, had not stirred a hoof since halting, but stood trembling with terror, and with their great, expressive eyes seemed to be studying the faces of their riders, as if they would find there some hope of extrication from the alarming dilemma.

My peons, usually cool, and courageous sometimes to a fault, were unable to propose any plan of saving our poor animals; for to pass the drove above us was, of course, out of the question, and our five mules must doubtless be sacrificed for the larger number. We had but little fears for ourselves, for in the event of driving the poor creatures over the cliffs, we could easily return to the platform we had just before left.

While reflecting on this terrible alternative, the voice of Juan Atonez was heard shouting, and the next moment he came in sight around the turn of the cliff. Had a spirit suddenly arisen from the centre of the great sierra, I would not have been more surprised than at the sight of that man. How he had accomplished the feat of passing his drove, and our pack mule, was a mystery till he came up to José's animal. The latter was standing with his forefeet braced firmly beneath him; and with outstretched neck and head, and his beautiful, sharp-pointed ears directed forward, was awaiting with excited curiosity the next step in this extraordinary position of things.

Speaking a few kindly words to the mule, and patting his sleek breast encouragingly, the arriero placed both hands upon the head of the intelligent animal, and with the graceful agility of a skillful circus-rider, vaulted astride of his neck, and with another rapid motion threw himself clear of the saddle upon the mule's hips, and then slid over his crupper to the trail.

In this manner the fearless fellow had leaped over the heads of his entire drove, as well as our loaded pack mule, and reached the spot where we were standing.

"That was nobly done, my fine fellow," said I, struck with admiration at the brave performance, "and I know if living mortal can deliver us from our terrible position, you can. Now, Juan," I continued, shaking his hand warmly, "what do you propose?"

Withdrawing his hand, and touching his sombrero respectfully, the arriero replied:

"With the help of the Blessed Virgin, señor, I think we can get back to the platform. What peon is that in the rear?"

"Pedro Flores," said I.

He then called to the man, and inquired what mule he was riding. Juan Atonez was the oldest arriero of the Ménas, and knew each individual animal of the estate.

"Ah," said he, "that *mula eis muy mancita*, (very gentle and intelligent)—we can do anything with her, señor. Dismount, Pedro,—to the rear, man,—and you, Anton Perez, take La Mora (Pedro's mule) by the mouth, and force her back towards the platform—gently now. Take her by the tail, Pedro—hist—hist, mula." And thus directing and encouraging the men and the mule, Juan leaping, as before, over the back of my own animal, joined the other peons, and in a few moments I saw them disappear together around the angle of the rock in the direction of the broad platform. One moment more, and I heard by their joyful cries that they had safely reached the place. In this manner, one after the other of the animals was rescued from their perilous danger, and all but the poor leader were backed carefully down the narrow crest to the platform.

We all now started to the relief of the pack mule. We found her standing face to face with Juan's leader; and, notwithstanding a raw, southerly wind had commenced to whistle among the crags, such was her terror that the perspiration was running in drops from her flanks, and her great round eyes were almost springing from their sockets, while she trembled violently in every limb.

The arriero approached her, and with soothing words essayed to allay her fears. Having in a measure quieted her, he threw himself upon her loaded back, and safely reached the narrow footpath in front of her. Once more he soothed and encouraged her, and then grasping her headstall gently forced her backwards. The intelligent creature instantly comprehended his intention, and raising her feet with the greatest caution, placed them down to test the solidity of the ground, and then as cautiously drew her fore feet to the tracks of the hindmost ones. Thus she backed slowly, measuring every inch with her eyes, till reaching a short curve of the ridge, and stepping on a crumbling portion of the path she lost her foothold, and then the great weight of her load acting like a lever against her, she slid over the edge of that frightful gulf! For an instant she clung with a terrible desperation to the rocks, by her fore-legs and teeth. But the mighty effort was useless; with a wild cry, almost human in its concentrated agony, the wretched creature relaxed her hold and fell from the precipice, and away! exhibiting ten thousand summersets; round, round, down, down, down, ninety-nine thousand fathoms—certainly not a foot less, according to the exaggerated scale with which I measured the chasm in my terror-struck imagination, while I stood trembling upon that dizzy eminence, viewing the microscopic diminution of the mule as she revolved with accelerated motion down, down to the utmost reach of vision, and then into that rocky hell I knew lay beneath!

Horrified, we continued to gaze into that dreadful gulf long after the hapless creature had disappeared, and then with quivering nerves turned toward the spot where our mules were awaiting us.

In a few minutes more the atáyo had passed us, and again we resumed our ascent up that terrible *Pasa Mala*.

With the poor pack-mule had gone our grand store of provisions; and addressing my guide, with that plaintive tone of despair which may well be imagined by one who thus suddenly finds himself deprived of all subsistence, I inquired what now was to be done?

"*Quien sabe! Señor*," was his reply, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"*No hai remedio!*" (there is no help for it,) rejoined his companions.

But, as good fortune would have it, we reached the valley before nightfall; and falling in company with a party of Bolivian travellers, partook of their hospitality in the shape of a good, hearty supper of roasted llama. Three days after found us in comfortable quarters in Puerta La Mar.

ARTHUR LINCOLN;

OR,

STRUGGLES AND REWARDS.

Arthur Lincoln was the child of parents miserably poor. Arthur wanted to study for the ministry, and in spite of all obstacles he persevered, studied at home and at school, read all the books he could borrow, worked hours on hours, in dust and heat, and amidst disagreeable associations, to earn the money to procure others, all the time contributing his quota to the family support; went to school whenever he could; began to teach as soon as he was old enough to be trusted in so responsible an employment; and so working, studying, practising the minutest personal economy, he made himself fit to enter college.

"How was he to live there?" his friends asked.

He answered, unfalteringly, with the cheerful smile that always seemed to make good his words, that he could work his way, teach winters, and in the vacations, help lagging students, do anything to earn the necessary money. His books would be his chief expense; but he had no fears about the result if his health continued good. Somehow his cheerful views infected all who listened to him, and they became as sanguine about the result as he was.

Fortunately before he commenced this struggle, his elder brothers had reached positions where they could assist their parents, and one sister was well married, while no young children remained to require care. The mother's tasks were considerably lightened, and the family more comfortable in all respects than they had been for many years, so that this dutiful and conscientious son was quite free to devote all his energies to the completion of his own education.

It required about six years to complete the collegiate and theological course of study which he had marked out, and which was to prepare him for his life-employment. How he worked and struggled, how poorly he fared, yet how unfaltering was his purpose, is a story which he sometimes relates as an example to those who are disposed to turn aside from any given course of duty, at sight of obstacles.

He taught, as he had said he would, obtaining a school in the winters, and devoting all his leisure to study, so as never to be behind his class. At other times he played the part of private tutor, earning every dollar required for his support, and the expenses of his education.

He lived in a poor room, almost unfurnished; he fared very plainly, almost sordidly at times, a quarter of a dollar often purchasing all the provisions he consumed in a week, which, prepared by himself, were eked out by the closest economy. His clothing was often rusty; he had few companions, few recreations. But he won the respect of the faculty of his college, and was not without his own approval. And so, at last, after the long and weary struggle, the end came. He had graduated with honor in his college, and had pursued his theological course with like success. His examination was passed, and he found himself duly authorized to minister in the offices of religion.

A few months later, after various trials and preliminary preachings, he found himself settled as pastor over a large, thinly settled country parish, not many miles distant from his native town.

It was, perhaps, unfortunate for Arthur Lincoln that he settled so near his early home. All the circumstances of his early life were known here, and though he would have made no secret of them, he was, perhaps, not received with the same respect and deference that would have attended a stranger.

Arthur, at this period, was shy, awkward and reserved. Obliged to visit the families of his parishioners, he found himself in an unaccustomed element. Hitherto he had been so absolutely self-centred, so devoted to the pursuance of his plans, that he had experienced no desire, and found no leisure, for society. He knew a great deal about books, but scarcely anything about men and women—the diverse, yet ever interesting phases of human character.

The shyness and awkwardness, and the facts that were so well understood as to the lowness of his origin, prevented him from becoming a favorite with the younger class of his people, over whom he was especially anxious to establish an influence.

Always clearseeing, Arthur soon perceived the cause of this, and comprehended that the habit of association with persons of refinement would alone give him the ease of manner, and the readiness of conversation, that were so necessary. To this end he accepted gratefully the overtures of the great man of his parish to visit his family, nor did he hesitate to disclose to his host the want he so keenly felt, and the conclusions at which he had arrived.

Mr. Gleason was a man of kind impulses, though entirely devoted to the world. He could appreciate the manly frankness of his young pastor, and readily understood the causes that made him so awkward in society. He urgently repeated his invitations, and was warmly seconded by his wife and daughter, amiable and accomplished women, who were nothing loth to cultivate the acquaintance of a young man of great learning and ability, nor to do their best, in a ladylike way, to improve his manners.

It followed, therefore, that the Reverend Arthur Lincoln, though he by no means neglected his parochial duties, was very frequently at the house of his wealthy parishioner. At first there were members of his congregation, less favored in fortune, disposed to sneer and complain, but as Arthur at the same time became more generally social, the little excitement soon died away and remained quieted for some months, when the rumor began to circulate that he was seeking Miss Annie Gleason as his wife.

Until this rumor reached his ears, Arthur had never considered, for an instant, that there could be any reason beyond the subtle charm of association for the first time with a woman of refinement and culture, of elevated tastes and high principles, to cause him such exquisite delight in the presence of Annie Gleason. I question if he had ever separated the influence she exerted over him, in his own thoughts, from that of her excellent mother.

But no sooner was this idle rumor imparted to him, by some officious parishioner, than he read his own heart clearly, and saw that he loved Annie Gleason as a true man loves the woman whom he would desire to secure as the companion of his life.

True love is diffident and distrustful of its own claims. Arthur felt his inferiority of worldly position. A minister of our holy religion, his office made him the fit associate of the highest of the land. But he was poor, even very poor. His stipend barely sufficed for his own wants, and, by strict economy, to pay, by instalments, a small debt that he had been obliged to incur for books, and other necessaries, at the time of his ordination. He was young and unknown. It must be long before he could hope to occupy a position such as Annie Gleason had a right to claim from her husband—such as would satisfy her parents.

Beside this he saw himself accused of seeking to gain her affections under false pretences of mere social needs, his conscientiousness revolted against again presenting himself before her, with thoughts of love in his heart, and he remained absent so long that Mr. Gleason drove over to inquire if he were ill, and to add his own persuasions to an urgent invitation from his wife and daughter that he should visit them. So Arthur, unskilled in excuses, found himself once more in the presence of the beautiful girl whom he loved, and had determined to love in silence.

Alas! that visit was doomed to crush even the slight hope he had permitted himself, almost unconsciously, to indulge.

Annie Gleason had heard the rumor which ascribed matrimonial intentions to the young minister, and, after consultation with her mother, she determined, in her most delicate manner, to say some words to him which should forever put a stop to the presumption, as she could not help terming it, that he might have entertained. She had never thought of him as a lover until this rumor reached her, then she recollected some indications that had been allowed to pass unnoticed, and his conduct on this visit confirmed her suspicions.

"I will tell him at once," she thought, as she noticed these things. "He must not suppose, because I treat him kindly, I am giving him encouragement; and besides, it is but justice to let him see at once how hopeless such feelings must be."

So she said, aloud:

"I believe you have never solemnized any marriages since you have been in the parish, Mr. Lincoln."

Arthur started and colored, and answered, with confusion, that he had not.

"Well, perhaps, I ought to tell you, then, that you will probably be called on to perform that ceremony before the close of the summer. I have asked papa to mention it, but he always forgets. I was engaged to Mr. Lea before we left the city, and he expresses a wish to be married before autumn. And we are very desirous that you should officiate on the occasion."

Annie was too much confused herself to observe the signs of deep agitation that swept over Arthur's face, and made his form sway like a wind-tossed tree. Neither spoke for several moments, then Arthur, to whom a silent prayer had given strength, assured his companion that he wished her all happiness, and would not fail to show her that his wishes were sincere, by doing all in his power to promote that happiness. Therefore, he was at her service on the occasion which she had referred to. Then Annie found her voice, and there was no further occasion for him to speak. As early as possible he took leave, and returned to his solitary home, to wrestle alone with his anguish.

Little did that fair young girl know what pangs she had caused that noble heart.

But one other, still greater trial remained for this sorely tried man. The wedding day of Annie Gleason arrived, and he must fulfil the promise he had made her. As the minister of God, before His altar, he must utter the words that made the woman he loved above all that earth could offer, the wife of another.

And unfalteringly he performed his appointed task, even to the bitter end. No hand clasp was more cordial than his own, no words of congratulation more earnest or sincere; and Annie looking at him, listening to the even tones of his voice, lost the haunting fear that he had loved her, and was to be made unhappy, and went away contented.

Arthur fell ill, after this, of a slow, lingering fever, that kept him languid and quiet until the cold autumn breezes brought strength and healing on their wings. Then a little paler, a little less elastic in mien and manners, he resumed his duties. Then it was that he began to excel all his former efforts, and the fame of his talents spread far and wide beyond the bounds of his parish, even to distant cities.

The nightingale, it is said, sings sweetest when the thorn pierces her breast. In some sensitive, high-toned organizations, sorrow lends not alone tenderness and grace, but power, to all mental manifestations. And so it was with Arthur Lincoln. He became famous as a preacher, and the little country parish was not long permitted to retain him. He received a call to a wealthy city church. He accepted it, for while it honored him, it also opened the door to a far wider usefulness than he could attain in his present position.

Years have passed since that supreme trial hour of his life. He has remained in the city ever more beloved and revered. He married, ere he reached middle life, a lady entirely worthy of the sincere affection he gave her. He has never had any misgivings at his choice; he loves his wife truly; and both find in Mrs. Lea, who is one of his parishioners and church members, a most valuable and valued friend. And thus out of the struggles of his youth, out of the seeming evils of his manhood, have been wrought the wise purposes of an overruling Providence, and the Reverend Arthur Lincoln has long been noted among his brethren as the right man in the right place.

* * *

Practical Philosophy.—A great philosopher says, in one of his letters—"I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when he was about to eat cherries, that they might look the bigger, and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyments; and though I do not cast my cares away, I pack them in as little compass as I can, and carry them as conveniently as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."

SEPARATED.

BY GRACE APPLETON.

Life's to me a desert fearful
Since from thee I parted, tearful:
What care I for all earth's pleasures—
Or her richest, rarest treasures?
Naught hath power to woo my heart
Since our souls were doomed to part.

Life with thee—how bright and fairy!
Thus I build me "castles airy,"
But awake to find them crumbling—
Down the dreary abyss tumbling,
Of despair and with'ring grief—
Dreaded demon—robber-chief!

Lone I wept and long have waited,
Dreaming I might clasp thee yet;
Little did I deem it fated,
Bertholde, that thou couldst forget!
O, mayst thou ne'er know the sorrow
Of a blighted, hopeless morrow!

Not to me, with thoughts of gladness,
Riseth up old Ocean's tone,
But with frenzied sighs of sadness
Evermore it rolleth on—
Thus a requiem, fiends of madness
To my soul e'er chant and moan!

◆

MAGGIE BURNS,

THE HEROINE OF THE DELAWARE.

A STORY OF AMERICAN HEARTS OF '76.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XXII.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Cato was not a fool. As we have before intimated, he had quick perceptions, and his intuitions were far reaching and reliable. During the day he had watched his master very narrowly, for he felt that something was going wrong. He said nothing of this—not even to Scipio—because, had he been asked why he held such suspicions, he could have given no reason for them. In fact, he did not understand them himself. They were simple impressions, influencing him almost involuntarily; but still they influenced him, and he acted therefrom. In the seeming kindness of John Glengyle he had not the least confidence. He did not trust the man at all. When he saw the baronet, in the early evening, walking in the hall, he knew there must be mischief brewing. He could see it in the slow, spasmodic step; in the clutching of the hands; in the contracting of the brow; in the low mutterings; and in the swaying of the body from side to side. And he could feel it, too, in the very atmosphere of the great mansion. He shook his head, and he said to himself, "'Taint no use to t'ink ob any good in dat ar' man. He couldn't be good if he wanted to."

Cato saw Maggie when she came out from Hecuba's room. He was just going up to his own chamber. But he stopped, thinking that he would speak with her. He wanted to ask about the patient; and he wanted to say something of John Glengyle. He felt that he ought to put the maiden on her guard. He saw her go down stairs with her pitcher, and he thought he would wait till she came back. He waited some minutes, and as she did not return, he fancied that the baronet might have interrupted her. If it was so, he would like to know what the baronet had to say to her. Against evesdropping under such circumstances he had not the least prejudice; so down he went, determined to hear, if possible, what sort of a story the bad man had to tell. He crept softly along the hall—he reached the baronet's door, and he listened there. He heard his master's step, slow and measured; but he heard no voices. Maggie was not there. He then turned towards the kitchen, thinking to see if she was in that direction. He had reached the rear hall, when he was sure he heard voices in the court. He hurried to the porch; and, in relief against the white snow, he could discern things very clearly. He saw a man, who he was sure was Louis Griswold; and he saw two other men just starting away with a female upon their shoulders. Of course it was Maggie Burns.

What should Cato do now? If he turned back to call up help he might lose everything. Now that Sir John was at home, he doubted if the groom and the woodman would dare to help him. Scipio was the only one upon whom he could depend, and Scipio alone could be of little help. The case was one of dire emergency, and there was need of quick decision. There was one thing he could do, and only one: He could follow the villains; mark their stopping-place; and then get help the best way he could. With this intent he took a cap and overcoat from the porch, and was soon upon the track of the abductors. He brought them in sight in a very few minutes; and so he kept them until they stopped. Then he saw them take horses; and after this he had some difficulty in keeping up; but he exerted every nerve, and was successful. Sometimes he fell in the deep snow; sometimes he slipped upon the ice; and more than once he came nigh failing with exhaustion; but he bore up with heroic fortitude, and held out to the last. He saw the party finally stop at an old hut not far from the upper ferry, in an out-of-the-way place; and when he had seen the maiden borne in, he sank down upon a bank of snow to rest his wearied, aching limbs. By and by one of the men came out and led the horses away; and Cato concluded that Maggie was to remain there all night.

And now what should be done? Should he venture into that hut alone? It did not strike him that he had better do so. He did not know who might be in there; and, should he be captured, his usefulness to his friends would be at an end. No—the best thing he could do would be to hurry off after help; and the nearest point where he would be sure to find it was Newtown. At the distance of a mile down the river he came to a farmer's house, where he aroused the host, and borrowed a horse. When he reached Newtown he went direct to the house of Moses Allen, whom he soon succeeded in arousing. The blacksmith recognized the negro, and came down to admit him without any question.

"What time is it?" was Cato's first question as he stepped into the entry.

"It's three o'clock, and past," replied Allen.

"Den 'twont be daylight for more'n t'ree hours yet."

"That's so, Cato; but what in the world has happened?"

"Oh, bress de Lord, Miss Maggie am in trouble! She am in great danger!"

"How? What danger?"

"Dey've carried her off."

"Who's carried her off?"

"Cap'n Griswold."

"No—not Griswold. He is in prison."

"No, he is not. He is clear, for sartin, Mas'r Allen."

"Then there's something to be done," cried the blacksmith, excitedly. "By the host, Master Roderic will find this chilling news for his welcome home."

"Bress God! I hope we'll hab her all safe afore he comes."

"Before he comes! Why—he's already here."

"Who am here?"

"Roderic Glengyle is here! He came this very night—not four hours ago. He came in hot haste from the army."

Moses Allen was going to say more, but at that point our hero, who had been asleep in a bedroom close at hand, came out in his night-clothes. He had heard sufficient to startle him, and, naturally enough, he had come to see what was the trouble. As soon as he recognized Cato he hastened forward, and soon had the negro's story. He had seen enough of danger, and he knew Cato well enough, to know that the sable messenger would tell his story best if allowed to have his own way. And so it proved. As Cato found his young master attentively listening, he rendered his account clearly and distinctly.

Roderic was fearfully moved, and more than once he was obliged to grasp the back of a chair to quell the turbulence of his rising passions. Yet, when he was ready to speak, he spoke quite calmly, for he had heard the whole story, and he had resolved just what he would do.

"I stopped in Trenton a little while last evening," he said, "and they told me there that Louis Griswold had not yet been set free; so I concluded to cross the river, and rest here till morning. But we'll move now. Moses Allen, will you go with me?"

"Certainly I will."

"Then hasten, and make ready. Cato, there are horses in the stable. Take a lantern, and saddle two of them. You know mine?"

"Yes."

"Then go and caparison them; and by the time you have them at the door we will be ready. Waste not a second."

Roderic Glengyle spoke and acted as though a world were to be saved, and he were able to save it. His feet were planted with firmness, and his hands moved as though the nerves were of finely tempered steel. In short, at that moment he could have met an army without fear.

During the cold and cheerless night Maggie Burns remained alone in the miserable apartment where she had been left. When the fire went out, and the candle had burned down, it was cold and dark enough. She did not sleep—she dared not; she was afraid she should freeze if she did. The cord upon her arms pained her; but she could not loosen it. She walked occasionally across the narrow place, to keep her blood in circulation; and when she sat down, it was only to suffer most exquisite agony of both mind and body. At length the beams of morning broke in through the dirty window; and almost at the same time Louis Griswold made his appearance. There was more light came in at the open door, and she could see the demoniac face of the villain very clearly.

A wonderful power of fortitude had Maggie Burns in the depth of her soul. Instead of growing faint at the sight of the base wretch, she grew strong and dauntless again. She had firmly resolved, by inward resolution, strengthened by prayer to God, not to cower before Louis Griswold. She was prepared for death;—aye, and through much travail of soul she had prepared herself to meet the approach of a worse fate.

"Well, my fair one," said the Tory captain, in a sort of bantering way, "how do you feel this morning?"

She made him no reply.

"Don't you begin to realize that you had better yield before you suffer any more?"

"Yield to you?" she cried, bitterly. "Yield to you to escape suffering! Shall I give my soul to perdition to gain an hour of worthless life? Don't you know me yet, Louis Griswold? Here I am—your prisoner—kill me if you wish to. I cannot protect myself. But, if you suffer me to live, you know what must be the result. My dishonor is your death!"

"Do you mean to be still so stubborn, Maggie?"

"I mean just what I say, sir."

"Then you shall know what it is to oppose me with such ugliness. You may die, if you will; but as sure as I live, you shall not escape me. I will take you from this place and put you where even a Hindoo penitent would shrink for mercy. And you will go with me at once. We remain no longer here. O, Maggie Burns, if you do not rue this stubbornness, then it is because your body is insensible to torture; for I swear to you, you shall be put to torture most rank!"

Even now the maiden did not cower. Was there not, in that hour, a mystic whispering to her soul from the Invisible? Was there not present with her some spiritual essence, from the realms of the Unseen, that pervaded her being, and gave courage to her throbbing heart? Surely she was sustained by a power above and beyond herself.

"Do your worst," she said. "I shall not pray to you, for I know you too well."

With an oath Louis Griswold turned away. He stopped at the door, and looked back.

"There is one more chance left you yet," he said. "I hear the horses coming, and my men will be here with them. Shall they bear you away to the foul dungeon, or will you surrender?"

"You have my answer!"

Again Griswold turned towards the door and opened it. He heard the tramp of horses without, and he supposed that his men were at hand. He had reached the outer door, and stepped forth upon the icy landing-stone, when he saw his mistake. A horse dashed up to the cot, and a man leaped down before him; but it was not a man of his. No; it was Roderic Glengyle.

"Unholy wretch, where is Maggie Burns?"

Louis Griswold had a pistol in his belt, and he drew it forth and cocked it. That movement cost him dear. Had he offered no resistance he might not have fallen;—at least, he might have lived a little longer. But as it was, our hero had but one alternative. With the flat of his sword he knocked the pistol from the villain's grasp, and then he drew back just one short pace.

"Louis Griswold, in self-defence do I now slay thee. Not in revenge—not for the past—but to rid the world of a pest!"

In a moment more Louis Griswold lay upon the snow, his blood crimsoning the white shroud, and his severed heart hushed forever! He had done his last deed of iniquity, and no more was virtue to shudder in his presence.

Roderic pressed on, not daring to stop for reflection—pressed on to the cold, miserable apartment, where the fire had gone out, and where the icy blast was creeping in.

O! with what bounding, whelming joy did Maggie Burns meet that presence. In Roderic's bosom there was a fire of anxiety; but it was quickly quenched; and when he had cast the bonds from her arms, and drawn her within his warm embrace, he was able to thank God that he had saved her!

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONCLUSION.

It was broad daylight, and yet Mrs. Burns had not been to call her daughter. She had called Scipio, but she wished for the presence of no others. It would be time to call Maggie when there was need of it, and when she had finished her rest. So the mother rested in entire ignorance of her child's misfortune.

And how was it in that sick chamber? How was it with the shattered pilgrim of sorrow and gloom? Hark!—keep quiet!—Speak not above your breath! What is this? Is it the approach of Death? Is it some new form which the malady has taken? Or, is it something more wonderful? How solemn is the stillness—how strange the new shadows that flit across the faded face of the sufferer! What a marvellous light is that in her waking eye—and how wonderful the expression that grows upon the lips. All night long had Hecuba rested without pain, and almost without motion. She had opened her eyes many times, and had murmured to herself like one in a dream. As the morning dawned she had gazed oftener upon her attendants, and had seemed to be busy with thought. Finally she looked up into the widow's face, and the light of her deep, dark eyes was not to be mistaken.

Mrs. Burns had conversed with Doctor Andros, and from him she had learned what would be the symptoms of returning reason. When she caught the expression of those eyes, as they were now turned upon her, the conviction flashed through her mind that the auspicious hour had come.

"Where am I?" the woman asked, in a whisper.

"Safe, and with friends," replied Mrs. Burns, reaching over and smoothing the pale brow.

"And who are you?"

"I am your nurse. You have been very sick. Do you not remember?"

"Yes, I do remember;" and she pressed her hand upon her forehead for some moments. "I—I—fell into the sea, and I was saved. And my husband—where is he?"

At this point Scipio came to the bed. He and Mrs. Burns had talked of this recovery, and he knew very well what was happening. He leaned over, and took one of the invalid's hands.

"Don't you remember me?" he asked.

She gazed up into his face, and was silent for a long time.

"I do remember you," she finally said, in a sort of wandering whisper, as though her thoughts were ranging through long periods of time. "You nursed me when I was sick. But, what is it? Am I dreaming? Have I been dead? O, my soul! what can it be?"

"You remember Arthur Glengyle?" said Mrs. Burns, in a soft, tender tone.

The woman started, and her hands were clasped as if in agony.

"O! he died!" she cried. "I remember now. I saw him dead; and I was left alone. But—my child!—my CHILD! He did not die! He was not thrown into the cruel ocean! O, where is my child?"

"Your Roderic?" whispered the widow, carefully.

"Aye, my RODERIC! my darling! my precious! O! did he die? Did he die?"

Mrs. Burns motioned the negro away, and then she sat down by the bed, and took one of the waking woman's hands in her own. She had reflected, and she knew the work she had to do. She knew now that it was the Lady Helen Glengyle who lay before her, and that the story which Scipio had told was all true.

Cautiously, very, very cautiously, did she proceed with her task. In soft, kind tones; with tears, and with kisses, and with blessings, and with hopeful look, and smiles of promise, did Johanna Burns lead the opening mind of her patient along through the dark story of the past. It was a long, long work; but in the end it was fully accomplished. The morning had dawned, and Helen Glengyle sat up and talked with reason—talked with the widow, and talked with Scipio. She understood what the faithful negro had done, and she blessed him with many tears.

And Mrs. Burns had learned something. She had learned a dark story of John Glengyle's wickedness.

* * * * * * * *

And now, when all doubt was passed—when Helen Glengyle had so far recovered that she could comprehend the things that were told to her—Mrs Burns went out to call Maggie. She bade Scipio remain with their charge.

"I will not be gone long," she said. "Maggie must be up and dressed by this time; and it may be that she has gone down into the kitchen. She must have rested well; and I shall have glorious news for her."

The widow went out into the hall, and just as she turned towards Maggie's chamber, she heard some one coming up the stairs. She looked, and she saw her daughter. But who was it with her? Cato was with her; but there was some one else. Was it Roderic Glengyle? Aye—it was, most surely.

In mercy's name, what does it mean?

It was a strange story which Maggie had to tell to her mother.

"But, dear mother, did you not miss me?"

"No, my child. I have been so wonderfully occupied that I have not even been to your room. I knew you had watched long, and I thought you were resting. And it is well that I did not know.

She shuddered when she knew the terrible danger to which her fond child had been exposed; but when she thought how much more cause she had for thankfulness and gratitude, she ceased to complain. She blessed Cato for the noble part he acted; and she blessed God that her daughter's most vile and dangerous enemy had been removed.

"And now," said Roderic, after he had told all that he had to tell, "I must ask after my mother.—Does she still live?"

"Yes,—she lives!"

"O—do not tell me that she is dying!"

"I have not said so."

"But your face shows more than you speak. What is it?"

Maggie advanced and laid her hand upon her mother's arm.

"Tell us," she said. "Do not keep anything from us now. She is not dying?"

"No, my child."

The fearful ordeal of the past night had worn heavily upon Maggie's strength; but the eager expectation of the present moment nerved her up to renewed energy.

"O, my mother," she cried, "all day yesterday I watched the poor woman, and I fancied that I saw the symptoms which Doctor Andros told me about. If she is not dead—if she is not dying—she must be gaining."

"Yes, Maggie."

"Gaining in body——"

"Aye!" interrupted the widow, with heaving bosom, unable longer to keep back the truth—"gaining in body, and gaining in mind. She is—is HELEN GLENGYLE once more!"

Roderic staggered back against the wall, and covered his face with his hands; and in a moment Maggie was by his side.

"O, Roderic—courage, courage. The morning may yet be a bright and happy one!"

"Recovered!" gasped the youth, starting up, and seizing the widow's hand. "Has she her reason fully?"

"Yes, my boy,—as bright as the stars of heaven!"

"Have you talked with her, to know her story?"

"Yes; and I know it all. It is as Scipio has suspected."

"My uncle did a wicked deed?"

"Yes, Roderic. I think he meant to kill your father and your mother."

"But why? For what could he have done it?"

"I do not know."

"Does my uncle know that she has regained her reason?"

"No. I have not seen him this morning. He has generally come to inquire after the patient some hours earlier than this; but I have not heard from him yet."

"One thing more," said our hero, anxiously, and with faltering lip; "has she spoken of her son?"

"Yes. Almost the first words of her returning consciousness were of her child. And, Roderic, she knows all. I have told her your story, and she thinks you are with the army."

"I must go in and see her. I must see if she will know me."

After a short consultation it was arranged that they should go in together. Roderic controlled himself as well as he could, and followed Mrs. Burns into the apartment. Helen Glengyle was sitting up in the bed, conversing with Scipio. She raised her head as the door was opened, and she saw Mrs. Burns. But who else?

The youth moved slowly, silently forward, and when he met the warm, startled light of those dark eyes, an electric shock thrilled through him.

"You told me he was away," said the restored one, casting a quick, supplicating glance upon Mrs. Burns.

"I thought he was."

"And he has returned?" The woman put this half in the form of a question, and she trembled violently as she spoke. She caught the silent answer upon the widow's face, and then turned again to the youth. She put forth her hands supplicatingly, and softly, prayerfully, whispered:

"Do not deceive me. O, for the love of mercy, break not my poor, quaking heart. It is my boy!—my Roderic!"

* * * * * * * * *

Roderic Glengyle sat by the bed, with his mother's head upon his bosom; and Maggie was bending over to kiss the lady's warming cheek. Lady Helen had recognized the maiden, as the spirit of some pleasant dream, and when she knew who and what she was, she was prepared to take her to her heart. Mrs. Burns and Scipio were sitting at a little distance, gazing tearfully upon the affecting scene.

Suddenly there came the sound of footsteps from the hall, and presently the door was unceremoniously opened, and John Glengyle made his appearance. He was pale and quivering, and great drops of sweat stood upon his brow. He saw Maggie Burns—he saw Roderic—and he started back.

"By the fiends!" he gasped, "how came you here?"

Roderic started quickly to his feet, and stood between his uncle and the bed.

"John Glengyle," he said, placing his hand upon his sword, "if you had a part in this last most dastardly outrage, know that the scheme has most signally failed. Maggie is safe; and Louis Griswold has met the fate he so richly deserved. He drew a pistol upon me, sir; and I slew him."

"I care not for Louis Griswold," said the host, in a gasping tone,—"and I care less for Maggie Burns. May perdition seize them both! Where is Scipio?"

"Here I is," replied the negro, shrinking back as he spoke.

"O, yes—there you are," the baronet cried, leaning against the sideboard, and pressing his hand upon his heart, as though fire were burning there. "I gave you some wine for Hecuba. Do you remember?"

"Yes, mas'r."

"And what became of that wine?"

"She drank it."

"Are you sure? Don't lie to me, you black rascal!"

"She did drink it, for sartin, mas'r."

At this point Maggie Burns arose. The truth flashed upon her like a bolt of lightning.

"John Glengyle," she said, speaking slowly and distinctly, "Scipio is not lying, and yet he is mistaken. He gave the wine to me, and I disposed of it without his knowledge. I gave to Hecuba wine of my own, and the bottle which you left I carried down into the cellar."

"And you put it where?"

"Upon a shelf, with other bottles of the same kind."

John Glengyle staggered to a chair, and sank down like one in a fit. When he looked up again, his face was pale as death, and upon his purple lips stood tiny drops of foam.

"Merciful God!" he gasped, wringing his hands in agony, "I am dead!—dead!—dead!"

"Oh!" cried Maggie, raising her clasped hands above her head, "Heaven be praised. It was poison in that bottle!—poison!—Poison meant for poor Hecuba! The angels must have guided me!"

"JOHN GLENGYLE!"

Hark! Whose voice was that?

"JOHN GLENGYLE!"

Who spoke? What voice was it, coming back thus through the long years? The man raised his head, and met the gaze of the redeemed one.

"Do you know me?" he shrieked, starting forward, but without rising from his chair.

"Aye, John Glengyle, I know you very well."

"No, no,—you do not know me! It is but the fancy of the crazy brain. Don't say that. You are mad!"

"John Glengyle, I am not mad. From the dark, terrible sleep of many years I have at length awakened. I know you very well; and I remember the story of your youth. O, and have you tried to murder me again! Have you sought my life, even while my poor spirit was crushed and broken!"

"Who—who sought your life? If you say I sought your life, you lie!"

Helen Glengyle seemed at this moment like one inspired. She raised herself higher up, and gazed into the wicked man's face with a clear, dauntless look. Her dark eye burned with a new fire, and as she lifted her hand it could be seen that the veins were filling with warm blood.

"John Glengyle," she said, placing her hand upon Roderic's shoulder, "this is my son; and for his ear will I tell you the story of your crime. Listen to me, for I speak from a sure knowledge."

Overcome, partly by the pain that racked his body, and partly by the terrible ordeal that was thus opened to his spirit, the baronet sank back into his seat, and was speechless.

"Listen to me, John Glengyle." The lady spoke slowly and solemnly. "When I was young, and when my Roderic was almost a helpless infant, my husband, Sir Arthur Glengyle, with bright prospects before him, started for this country. He sold his estates in Scotland, and, with his large fortune all turned into money, he planned for a life of honor and usefulness in America. His brother John had been wild and reckless, and had more than once brought disgrace upon his family name; but Sir Arthur overlooked all this, and, upon his brother's earnest entreaties, he took him along with him, hoping that in the new home to which he was going, he might reclaim him. We set sail from England—it must be twenty years ago—my husband and myself, with our child, and with the wayward brother. One dark, tempestuous night, while our ship was upon the trackless deep, Sir Arthur and I stood alone upon the quarter-deck, leaning over the rail. Our child was asleep in the cabin. As we stood there, you came up. You, John Glengyle, came up with fiendish purpose in your heart. My husband's money to the amount of many thousand pounds, was all in the cabin, and you alone, beside ourselves, knew of the fact. You, sir—you, were penniless—a pensioner upon Sir Arthur's bounty. Should we be taken suddenly away, you might claim all that wealth, and use it as you pleased. And then, sir—on that dark night, with the fiend in your heart—you watched your opportunity, and threw your brother into the ocean! Aye—you hurled him over the low rail at a moment when he was in deep thought. I saw you do it; but before I could even cry out, you seized me, and hurled me after him. O, my soul, what a deed was that! We were picked up. My husband died, and I lived. You gained the wealth you sought; but, John Glengyle, I do not believe it has made you happy."

The base man groaned in deepest agony. He did not deny the charge—he could not. He started to his feet and begged for mercy.

"Ah, John Glengyle," spoke Lady Helen, shaking her head most sadly, "what a reckoning is this. The poison which you prepared for me has rolled back its fatal fire upon yourself. Is it not the hand of God!"

"Mercy! Help!" gasped the wretch, pressing his hands upon his bosom, and writhing in agony. "I die! I burn! Is there no antidote! Oh, in mercy's name, have compassion! Is there no medicine that can save me!"

Roderic called Scipio to his assistance, and together they led the raving man out. They led him to his own chamber, and put him upon his bed; and then they gave to him such medications as they could procure. But it was of no avail. The fatal poison had too surely done its work. Once John Glengyle spoke with reason. He begged of Roderic to forgive him, and to pray for him. And then the madness set in again.

All the day John Glengyle retained his life, but not his reason. He raved of his brother Arthur; of the beautiful Lady Helen; of money, and of lands; and then he raved of ships and storms; and, in his wild delirium, he hurled his brother and his brother's wife into the raging sea.

Evening came, and as the day faded, John Glengyle ceased from his ravings—ceased when his breath failed, and when his heart throbbed no more! His race was run, and his spirit was with its God!

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What a host of thrilling incidents had been crowded into those few short hours! What a life-time of wonderful events!

The waves of emotion surged on with whelming power; but the strong, pure hearts withstood the shock, and arose triumphant from the flood.

In one short week from the time of John Glengyle's burial the Lady Helen was strong enough to sit with her friends in the drawing-room; and from that time her recovery was rapid and sure. Roderic took measures as soon as possible to have the property of Waldvale secured to his mother; and when this was done, he turned his thoughts once more to the camp at Morristown.

"Go, my son," the fond mother said. "Go and do your duty. I will love Maggie for you while you are gone."

"Aye, Roderic," added the gentle maiden, while his arm was about her neck, "go and help our struggling people in their glorious strife; and while you are gone, I will be a most loving child to your mother."

Roderic must go; but ere he went there was one arrangement he wished to make. When the spring-time came he desired to return to Waldvale and claim a wife. Maggie could not say no to this; the two mothers would not object, and the arrangement was made.

This was in February, 1777.

* * * * * * *

NOVEMBER, 1783!

A beautiful autumnal afternoon. The harvests are gathered into the garners; the husbandmen rest from their labors, and all nature seems sinking to calm repose.

Upon the open lawn in front of the mansion at Waldvale are gathered some of our old friends, and with them are a few who are strangers.

Lady Helen Glengyle! You would hardly know her now. Restored once more to the full vigor of bodily and mental health; grown beautiful in her advanced age; and surrounded by loving friends, she is finding in the evening of her life a compensation of joy for the ills of the other years.

And Mrs. Burns—hale, hearty, and strong—with more silver in her hair, but no marks of goodness gone from her face. She has not changed.

And Maggie—sweet, noble Maggie! O, how she has been blessed. There is some change in her; but it is a glorious change. Six years—from a maiden of nineteen to a woman of five-and-twenty,—they have changed her only to be more lovely—only to add new gems to her crown of life.

And Scipio and Cato. They have not changed a particle.

But who are these? Who is this dark-haired boy, of some four years, trying to pull Scipio over upon the grass? And who is this bright-eyed girl, with the flaxen ringlets, who, with silvery, ringing laugh, clambers upon Cato's knees, and works her tiny, dimpled hands into the crispy knots of his hair?

Ah, mark the glance of Maggie, as she turns, ever and anon, to see that all is well with them. Now we know the deepest joy that has flowed to Maggie's cup; now we recognize the holy seal that Heaven hath stamped upon her. She is WIFE—she is MOTHER!

And why are these people upon the lawn? Why do they gaze so anxiously towards the road? Do they expect a visitor?

Ah—see! Behold the horseman coming up the broad path. See him as he springs from the saddle. Hear him cry—

"My Wife!—My Mother!—My blessed, blessed children!"

In a little while Maggie says—

"We are free now, and sweet Peace dwells with Liberty in our land!"

"Aye," replies Roderic Glengyle, looking for a moment upon the loved ones before him, and then raising his eyes reverently towards heaven. "The enemy is conquered; Peace is declared; and our army is disbanded. We have founded a new nation upon the earth, and we have won a noble heritage of Liberty for our children. God grant that the blessing may descend to all coming generations; and may our glorious country never want for true hearts and stout arms, to cherish and defend the sacred institutions which have been reared amid so much trial and suffering; secured by so much generous devotion; and sealed by the blood of so many martyrs!"

THE END.

◆

COLORS OF FLOWERS.—White or pale-colored flowers are said to be more abundant in northern latitudes than in the tropics, and in Alpine situations they are of more frequent occurrence than in the plains. The xanthies series of colors is abundant within the tropics in the autumn, on the plains over the mountains. The flowers of the cyanic series, especially intense blues and violets, delight in the clear skies of subtropical regions. Geyer says that vivid colors mark the basaltic plains of Upper Oregon; blue and purple, eastward; scarlet with golden yellow, westward; glaucous green reigns in the herbage over the plains; deep saturated green in the valleys.

THE LIVING PRESENT.

BY ALICE CARY.

Friends, let us slight no pleasant spring
That bubbles up in life's dry sands,
And yet be careful what good thing
We touch with sacrilegious hands.

Our blessings should be *sought*, not *claimed*,
Cherished, not watched with jealous eye;
Love is too precious to be named,
Save with a reverence, deep and high.

In all that lives, exists the power
To avenge the invasion of its right;
We cannot bruise and break our flower,
And have our flower, alive and bright.

Let us think less of what appears,
More of what *is*—for this, hold I,
It is the sentence no man hears
That makes us live, or makes us die.

Trust hearsay less, seek more to prove
And know if things be what they seem;
Not sink supinely in some grove,
And hope and hope, and dream and dream

Some days must needs be full of gloom,
Yet must we use them as we may;
Talk less about the years to come—
Live, love, and labor more, to-day.

What our hand findeth, do with might;
Ask less for help, but stand or fall,
Each one of us, in life's great fight,
As if himself, and God, were all.

AN INCURSION OF THE BRITISH.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

"Tell us about the war, grandpa, won't you? Papa says you had something to do with it when you were a young man."

"So I had, my little dears, in a sort of a way, but not as a regular soldier. You see I was lame in one leg, and for that reason I was not permitted to join the army, though I was just as anxious as the best of them to fight for my country. Well, I had a chance to do some fighting in a rather private way, and of this I will tell you something, my little dears.

"At the time the war broke out, I was living on a farm in the State of Maryland, about three miles from the village of Havre-de-Grace, on the Susquehanna. I did not there expect the war would reach me in that out-of-the-way place; but the next year, when I began to hear of the depredations committed upon the farmers all along both sides of the Chesapeake, by crews from a British fleet which blockaded the whole bay, I mounted my horse and rode round to my different neighbors, telling them it was just as well to be prepared, for nobody could say when the plundering scoundrels might come up our way. Some thought as I did, and some said I was scared without cause; but the result was that we all agreed to arm ourselves and keep a look-out, and, if the enemy should come, to repulse him if we could, and harass him at least if we could do nothing more.

"It was in the spring of the year, early in May if I remember rightly, that I was one morning awakened by the distant booming of cannon, which seemed to come from the village of Havre-de-Grace. I got up at once, caught and saddled my horse, and, arming myself with a gun, a pistol, and an old sabre, rode off in the direction of the town to learn the cause of the firing, and see if I could be of any assistance to the inhabitants. After riding about a mile, I came upon a party of five of my neighbors, all armed and mounted like myself, and who were in eager and excited consultation at a point called the Cross Roads.

"'Bad news, Benton!' exclaimed one, as I dashed up. 'I am sorry to say you have proved a true prophet, and the enemy is upon us.'

"'Then the British have attacked Havre-de-Grace, as I feared?' said I.

"'Yes,' replied the speaker, whose name was Jones, and who lived about half a mile from the village. 'I was awakened by the firing of cannon, and, on hurrying to a point where I could overlook the town, I saw several boats effect a landing, and capture a battery on the beach, which at the time appeared to be worked by only one man, who ran limping away, firing his musket in defiance as he went. Others were making for the country in every direction, and the whole place seemed to be alive with the wildest excitement. I did not wait to converse with any one, but hurried back, mounted my horse, and rode this way to give the alarm, and am glad to have met so many of you stirring. We were just considering what is best for us to do now, and your advice will be timely.'

"'What is the force of the enemy?' I inquired.

"'I do not know exactly, but I should judge it to be from five hundred to a thousand men.'

"'Then of course we can do nothing but reconnoiter, and perhaps pick off a few stragglers,' I rejoined. At all events, let us ride down and take the chances; for myself, I am not going back without one shot at least.'

"As the others professed to be as determined as myself, we dashed away at once, whipping and spurring our horses to a dead run. Within half a mile of the place, we began to meet all sorts of fugitives—men, women, and children—all so frightened as scarcely to be able to speak. From these a few hurried inquiries drew the astounding report that the British were sacking the town and murdering all the citizens, sparing none of either sex, and whatever age. We thought of our own defenceless families, and were ready to sink with horror. But we rode forward, to gain a position as near as we dared venture, and see with our own eyes.

"And terrible was the sight that we soon did see, though not quite so horrible as had been represented. The village, consisting of some thirty houses, was filled and overrun with immense bodies of sailors and marines, who were like so many demons let loose to work their fury. They had surrounded the place with a strong guard, as if to hem in the inhabitants, and were pouring in and out of the shops, store-houses, and dwellings, bringing out and piling in heaps whatever valuable plunder they wished to carry away, breaking out windows and hurling out furniture in mere wicked sport, singing, shouting, and yelling like so many savages, and in every conceivable manner abusing and maltreating the citizens. Neither helpless children, nor pale, terrified, imploring and shrieking women could escape their brutality. The latter were insulted in the grossest manner, their clothes stripped from their backs, and they were struck, beat, and scourged, and driven about in shame and disgrace, like so many beasts. Oh, how my blood boiled as I witnessed these atrocities! and more than once I was tempted to rush in among them, and sell my life in destroying as many as I could of these human monsters.

"Shortly after this we saw smoke issuing from first one building and then another, which was soon followed by tongues of flame, and then rapidly by a roaring conflagration. At this destruction of their beloved homes and property, the poor women and children rent the air with shrieks and lamentations, and our fiendish foes with hellish shouts of triumph. This was enough for me—to remain inactive and look upon such a scene of brutal devastation, was not in consonance with my fiery nature—and wheeling my horse, I drove the spurs into his sides, at the same time exclaiming:

"'Who will follow me to take vengeance on you cowards?'

"In a minute I looked around and found I was riding alone. Not one of my companions had followed me.

"'Alone be it then!' muttered I, as I still dashed onward, riding not directly toward the village, but to gain the cover of a hill, or rise of ground, by which I could enter a wood, and come down close upon the enemy before being discovered.

"On entering the wood, I stopped, reprimed my gun and pistol, fixed my old sabre in the best position for instant service, and then said my prayers, commending my soul to God, believing I had only a few minutes to live. Thus fully prepared for desperate action, I again rode forward, but more slowly and cautiously, determined not to be taken by surprise, and to make the sacrifice of my life of as much value as possible in the destruction of the lives of the foe.

"As I drew near the edge of the wood, next to the burning village, I heard the shrieks of a female, followed by the most piteous implorations for mercy and release. The answer was in gruff tones, with a hoarse, mocking laugh. I could not see the parties from where I was, owing to an intervening hillock and a dense thicket; but on riding a little way round, I caught a view of an almost naked female, struggling in the grasp of two ruffians in the uniform of marines. Neither of them saw me; and drawing up my horse alongside of a tree, I leaned my left shoulder against it to steady me, presented my rifle, and took deliberate aim at the head of the one nearest me. That I might kill or wound the woman, still struggling in their grasp, I thought was not unlikely; but better even death to her than the threatened outrage, was my reflection, and I pulled the trigger with a firm and steady hand.

"A wild shriek and a yell followed the report; and without waiting for the smoke to clear away, and uncertain whether I should have one foe or two to contend with, I dashed forward with a shout. The next moment I saw the poor lady standing horrified over the quivering body of one of the ruffians, while the other was running for his life. Like a thunderbolt I bore down for the flying coward, and in less than a minute I was up to him, my sabre whirling about my head. He was unarmed, having probably left his musket in the village, not dreaming of meeting an avenging foe, and thinking only of accomplishing his wicked purpose upon a defenceless woman.

"'Mercy!' he gasped, halting and holding up his hands imploringly, as soon as he found there was no escape.

"'Such as you give you shall have!' cried I, in fury; and down came my sabre, with a terrible crash, cleaving him from skull to jaw.

"I then rode back to the almost distracted lady, whom I found to be a beautiful girl, about eighteen years of age.

"'Oh, for God's sake, save me!' she cried, in the most piteous tones.

"'I will!' I answered.

"I hurriedly took off my coat, bade her wrap it around her and mount behind me. In a minute this was done; and with one stern gaze of satisfaction at the corpse of the first ruffian, whom I had shot through the brain, I again dashed away. I carried her some half a mile, to a farm-house, and gave her in charge of the frightened inmates, telling them I must go back for more vengeance, but that if I lived I would return to them in time to warn them of any threatened danger. They would have detained me, but my purpose was not to be changed.

"With all my weapons in order, I again approached the village through the same wood just mentioned, but at some distance from the bodies of those I had slain. The same scenes of brutality were before me as at first, though there seemed not to be so many victims. Whether the others had escaped, been killed, or were being held prisoners, I could not tell. Some of the houses had burned down, the roofs of others were falling in, and gangs of half drunken sailors and marines were roving about, singing ribald songs, shouting, dancing, abusing citizens wherever they could find them, maiming horses and cattle, tormenting dogs, cats and pigs, beating house servants for mere amusement, or inciting them to do the same to their masters, destroying everything they did not want, and often quarrelling and fighting among themselves. One elegant dwelling, belonging to Commodore Rogers, I was surprised to see still standing and unmolested, crowded as it was with women and children. I subsequently learned that it was saved by Mrs. Rogers herself making a direct appeal to Admiral Cockburn, the infamous commander of this piratical expedition, and pointing out to him the heinousness of his burning the house of a brother naval officer while the latter was absent in the service of his country. The whim of the moment of this vile man for once consented to spare, and it is mentioned in history as the only act approximating to the conduct of an ordinary gentleman to be placed to his credit against a long catalogue of despicable crimes.

"Watching my opportunity from my concealment in the wood, I fired, and had the satisfaction of seeing another scoundrel fall. This drew attention toward me, and a party, armed with muskets, instantly gave me the benefit of a volley, the balls of which I heard whistling over me and pattering against the trees on every side. I reloaded, advanced a little nearer, and brought down the officer who had given the word to fire. A yell of execration followed this, and the whole squad made a charge in my direction. I thought it time to fly, and I fled. On my way through the wood I came across an old man, hobbling forward with a musket on his shoulder.

"'The enemy is scouring the wood, and you are in danger!' I said. 'Let me lift you up behind me, and convey you to a place of safety.'

"'No!' he answered, surlily, with a dark frown; 'I will take my chance alone. All cowards! all cowards!' he muttered, as he hurried on.

"I afterward learned that this old man's name was O'Neil, and that being one at the battery on the beach, when it was deserted by all the others, he had himself alone loaded and fired several shots at the approaching barges. By a recoil of the gun, he had been severely wounded in the thigh, which was the cause of his lameness. He had retreated, fighting with a musket, and had attempted to rally his companions for a close attack. He had failed in this, and was then on his way back, as he had expressed it, 'to take his chance alone.' He was soon after captured, and held several days in close confinement; but was subsequently released, and became a lion far and near.

"Soon after leaving O'Neil, I found a poor sick mother, with two children clinging to her, and crying piteously. She was nearly naked, and had crawled out there to die in peace. I helped her upon my horse, and carried her to the same farm-house where I had left the young lady, and where some twenty others had now collected, in a state of great destitution and the wildest alarm. While I was here, taking some refreshment, news was brought that the British were already on their march into the country, to destroy everything on their way. Flight was now the order of the time, and away went the females to the woods and mountains. I rode home to prepare my family for flight also; and having driven off our cattle, taken away and secreted all our most valuable things, and provided ourselves with food sufficient for several days, I conducted them to a cave among the hills, and then went back to play my part in hanging upon the flanks of our foes, and harassing them all I could while they remained on shore. In the course of the day I was joined by a few other determined fellows, and, I assure you, the invaders had reason to long remember that little band of patriots.

"For three days the British kept the surrounding country in a state of the wildest excitement and terror, during which they robbed travellers, killed cattle, burned dwellings and barns, destroyed property to the amount of thousands of dollars, and marked their whole incursion with a black and smoking line of devastation worthy only of savages. I do not know how many men they actually lost; but I do know that not less than ten fell by my own hand, which I have never lived to regret.

"And this is what your old grandpa remembers of the war, my little dears."

OH, GIVE ME BACK MY RUSSET GOWN.

Oh, give me back my russet gown,
My cottage by the valley side;
There's nothing in this wilful town
Save gilded pomp, and painted pride:
Oh, give me back my garden chair,
My morning walk, my song-bird's call;
For Nature's self is present there—
And heaven's dear light is over all!

These crowded streets are not for me;
I seek in vain the clear blue sky:
I long the mountain paths to see—
The green woods waving broad and high!
I long to hear the Sabbath bells
Come chiming with the river's flow;
To feel the holy joy that dwells
Afar from fashion's tinsel show!

Give—give me back my russet gown—
And take these bright pearls from my view;
And smooth these auburn ringlets down
As once a *mother's* hand would do!
Give—give me back my own green bower,
And bid me far from pomp remain;
And I will love—will bless the hour—
When Nature's home is mine again!

MASCULINE HOUSEKEEPING.

"What's that, my dear?—a trip into the country? Certainly—of course—go and enjoy yourself with the children—stay as long as you like. Don't be uneasy—I'll get along well enough; I'm at the office all day, you know. Needn't trouble yourself about *me*—guess I haven't forgotten all my old bachelor ways and means yet. Two trunks, three bandboxes, and a carpet bag, the canary-bird's cage, and the travelling basket! All right, Mrs. Jones. Good bye, my dear—be sure to write every other day!"

And Mr. Jones struts off down town, with as much complacency as though he were the Kham of Tartary. What conceited little apes these women are—just as if *he* couldn't keep house! Does his wife suppose he don't know a frying-pan from a darning needle? Domestic cares, indeed! Well, perhaps it may take a woman all her spare time to keep the kettle boiling, and make the beds; but once let a man get the housekeeping helm into his hands, and see if he don't manage matters a little more scientifically! It all depends on the amount of intellect you bring to bear on these things! On the whole, Mr. Jones rather hopes his wife won't hurry home.

(*Six weeks later!*) "Why, Ezekiel Jones! what on earth is the matter with my gardening fork? 'You took it to toast bread on?' I should think you did, by the looks of it! 'Lived on toast,' did you? 'Couldn't cook beef-steak, because the gravy ran out of the pan, and played the mischief with your fire?' Why, I shouldn't be at all surprised if you fried it in *this* utensil. 'Isn't it a frying-pan?' No, Mr. Jones, it's a cullender! 'How should *you* know the difference?' Ezekiel, I did suppose men had a little more wit than to mistake a frying-pan for a cullender. A nice looking bedroom you've got up stairs, with all the dirty stockings crammed under the bureau, and the wash-bowl full of cigar ends. Wonder how often you shook up the feather-bed? 'You did not suppose it was necessary?' That's just a man's housekeeping. Where did all this crockery come from? 'The cups and saucers all got dirty, and you bought more?' One way would have been to wash 'em! 'You never could get any water hot?' Well, that's because you swept all the ashes and cinders in a solid bank under the grate, until Sodom and Gomorrah couldn't have burned there, much less common kindling! Mercy on us! what is this sticky stuff in the soup-tureen? 'You tried to make a pie, but the flour and water stuck to your fingers, so you ate the apples raw?' What did you know about pies? 'You used to see me make them, and supposed there wasn't anything very difficult about the operation?' Let me tell you, Mr. Jones, that a man don't know everything! Wonder what my wash-tubs are doing out in the middle of the kitchen floor! 'You thought you would wash out a pocket-handkerchief or two?' Well, why didn't you? 'Got your coat-cuffs all wet, and lost the soap down in the wash-tub, and gave it up?' The most sensible thing you could have done, I must say! Well, Jones, I've often heard of chaos, but I never fully realized what it meant, before—*now* I begin to have a little idea of it! 'At all events, you swept the house neatly for me—you think you might have a little credit for that?' If the precious man hasn't packed every speck of dust and dirt in a heap under the bed! Broken cologne bottles—half-burnt matches—odd slippers—candle ends and decayed apples—crumpled-up newspapers—potato parings—damp towels, and whittlings of wood! Take me away, Jones—if I look at them another second I shall certainly faint! And your wardrobe isn't in any better condition: a great hole burned through your best coat-sleeve—your vest smeared with pie-making—your nice new trousers all coal-ashes and dust——"

"Here," says Mr. Jones, "I made a frantic rush past my wife, and succeeded in gaining the front door, with her last words ringing in my ears: 'If ever I go away, and leave you to keep house again——'

"After all, the paltry kitchen business is not exactly in a man's line. I dare say I *could* do it—but I don't think I'll try again. Very appropriate for Mrs. Jones, I don't doubt, but rather below a man's dignity!"

Mrs. George Washington Wyllys.

Facts in Brief.—Out of every thousand men twenty of them die annually. The number of inhabitants of a city or county is renewed every thirty years. The number of old men who die in cold weather is to the number of those who die in warm weather, as seven to four. The men able to bear arms form a fourth of the inhabitants of a country. The proportion between the deaths of women and those of men is 100 to 108. The probable duration of female lives is sixty; but after that period the calculation is more favorable to them than men. One half of those who are born die before they attain the age of seven. Among 3125 who die, it appears by the registers that there is only one person of one hundred years of age. More old men are found in elevated situations than in valleys and plains.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we learn that many persons have supposed some of them to be *manufactured* for the purpose of adapting the answers to them. They are all genuine, written evidently in good faith, and answered to the best of our ability.]

Eaton.—Your friend was correct in saying that a single army of over 30,000 men, operating together as one body under one chief, had never been collected on this continent. In the French and English war of 1744—63, the British army of 16,000 men under Gen. Abercrombie, which attacked Ticonderoga, was the largest army formed during the war. During the Revolution the British force which attacked New York numbered 30,000, and the American force which was driven from that place, consisted of 27,000 all told, though but little over half were fit for duty. The American force which compelled the British to evacuate Boston numbered 20,000. Washington's force at Yorktown, which captured the army of Cornwallis consisted of 16,000 French and Americans. In the war of 1812 the British force which attacked New Orleans numbered about 14,000 men. In the Mexican war neither General Scott nor General Taylor had at any time under his command more than 14,000 troops, while the Mexican army during the war did not exceed 22,000 men. The Mexicans however, were always greatly superior to the Americans, usually being twice or three times their number. General Scott is the only man now in America that has ever had any experience in handling and manœuvering in battle an army of 5,000 men or more.

H. W. K.—You are mistaken. American vessels trading to *foreign ports* only are *registered* at the Custom House; while those engaged in the *coasting trade*, (which means those trading between ports in our own country,) are *enrolled*. It is illegal for a registered vessel to engage in the coasting trade, without surrendering her certificate of registry, and being enrolled; and, vice versa, one in the coasting trade must surrender her certificate of enrollment and be registered, in order to enter into commerce with foreign ports. The difference between registering and enrolling is, that the records are kept in separate books, and serve to show which vessels sail to foreign ports, and which are engaged in domestic commerce. The only result of a neglect to have vessels registered or enrolled is, that they are subject to the disabilities of foreign ships; but they are not denied the protection of the United States.

S. S. R.—The cause which led Alexander to invade Persia, was probably his own ambition, and his inability to resist the temptation which a wealthy but degenerate nation, which could be easily conquered, held out to him. There is a story to the effect that Darab I., King of Persia, obtained some advantages over Philip, the father of Alexander, and compelled him to pay him an annual tribute of a thousand eggs of gold. When Alexander came to the throne of Macedon, he neglected to send the accustomed tribute, and Darius, then King of Persia, sent to demand it, when he received for an answer that "the bird which laid the eggs had flown to the other world." Darius prepared to enforce his demand, when Alexander invaded Persia, and conquered him at the battles of the Granicus, Ipsus, and Arbela.

Otis.—If the Ohio river were straight it would not be navigable. The length of the river, including all its present windings, is 948 miles; yet the distance from its source to its mouth, in a straigth line, is only 614 miles. The river now descends five inches in a mile, which declivity, slight as it is, is sufficient to cause a current so rapid, that at some seasons of the year steamboats can scarcely force their way against it. At all times the ascent of the Ohio is a very different thing from the descent. Straighten out all the bends, and the river would rush along at a rate that would render it worse than useless for the purposes of man. It would be a torrent. The same is true of the Mississippi and all the other great Western rivers, all of which resemble the Ohio in what may be termed the *uniform irregularity* of their course.

Banquier.—The first bank of deposit was established at Barcelona in Spain, in 1401. The first national bank of which there is any definite account, was called the Bank of St. George, and was established in Genoa in 1407. During the wars of the fourteenth century the government of Genoa borrowed largely from private merchants, and assigned to them for security the taxes to be collected by the merchants' own collectors. These creditors finally became so numerous that they were united into this bank, from which the government borrowed, instead of resorting to private persons. A bank somewhat similar to this had previously been established at Florence, but soon failed. That of Genoa was the first which was established on a firm basis.

W. H. H.—Litmus is made from a species of lichen which grows in the Canary and Cape Verde Islands. The plant is ground, and by mixing with water, is reduced to paste, when a solution of ammonia is added, and the whole stirred until it assumes a bright purple color. When in this form it is termed *archil*, but further exposure to the air turns the mixture blue, when it is termed *litmus*. This litmus is mixed with lime, and applied to the coloring of the common test paper which is used for determining acids and alkalies. Liquids which turn the blue of the test or litmus paper to a red color, are acids, and those which restore the paper thus colored to its original blue, are alkalies.

Rocksville.—One of the worst of love scrapes is that into which you appear to have fallen—to love a girl without being able to respect her. It is a not uncommon case. Nature occasionally bestows upon a heartless and mindless girl such loveliness of face and form, such a captivating manner, such pleasing ways, and such a talent for dissimulation, that few men are acute enough to see through her, and still fewer can resist her fascinations. You are fortunate in having discovered the worthlessness of your beauty; it remains to be seen whether you have fortitude enough to avoid her presence. Your only safety is in doing so.

Minnie M., in a neat little hand, writes as follows:—"I love a gentleman, with whom I regularly correspond and who loves me, though we have not met in a long while. I am at the same time receiving attentions from another gentleman, whom I merely *like*, not love. Am I a coquette, and am I wrong in doing this?" Whether you are a coquette or not, you will by this course gain the reputation of being one; and at the same time, lose the respect of the man you prefer, by allowing another to pay you the same devotion you wish from him.

S. K.—You say you are poor, and in love with a rich girl, whose parents oppose your visits. Shall you elope with her. You would not show much affection for the lady, to take her from a comfortable home, when you had nothing to support her with. Why don't you go to work, and earn something to protect her against want and suffering, as all honorable lovers do, before you take her from her happy parental nest.

Lusie.—If a lady talks against one of your friends, it is not your duty to tell that friend of it, in order that she may defend herself, unless the slander be of real consequence, and your friend's reputation exposed to injury by silence. Common place tale-bearing should always be avoided; but it would not be injudicious to decline the society of a person who shows a malicious and fault-finding disposition.

Carrie and Bertha say, "A gentleman of our acquaintance broke an engagement with us, on account of scarlet-fever being where he was residing, and at the same time visited other ladies. What are we to do when he calls? shall we agree to be attacked with the *yell-o!* fever and hoot him from the premises?" You might try that course, and see what would come of it.

F. A.—Why do you beat about the bush? Why not say, at once, "I have engaged to marry a young lady and have gained her affections, but now I wish to back out?" The only advice we can give you is this: Back out and do it candidly, like a man. Tell the girl, respectfully and kindly, what you have told us.

Springfield.—If a gentleman, "in returning from evening church service, invite a lady to go the next Sabbath, she, if agreeing to do so, *should* consider it a binding engagement," unless some unforeseen obstacle should arise, in which case she should politely apologize for the non-fulfillment of her promise.

Null.—By the laws of the State of New York a married woman is a *person*; and, as such, has rights; among which is the right to compel the payment of money due to her before her marriage. Whatever she possesses is as absolutely her own as the property of a man is his own.

Thomas.—When your cousin came to spend the day with you, she did not do right to leave with a gentleman friend who called, and go to spend the day elsewhere, without asking you to accompany her. She owes you an ample apology for such a rudeness.

Bulky.—"How can a young man become popular among the ladies?" By acting naturally and honorably, exhibiting good nature and intelligence, and making no *strained* attempts at ease and high-breeding.

J. B. writes, "I love a beautiful girl, and do not know how to tell her so, what shall I do?" *All you have to do is just to say that very thing to her the first time you are alone.*

L. W.—It strikes us that if a young girl of sixteen should marry a man of forty, the union would be apt to be one of those marriages done in haste and repented at leisure.

Martin.—It is not necessary, nor is it desirable, that you should leave your farm work, and go to school for two years, in order to acquire a good education. Such a course would be expensive, and might do more harm to your health and prospects than your schooling would do good to your mind. You say you are nineteen. Your letter shows that you are very deficient in knowledge. Our advice to you, and to all others in your circumstances, is this: Get a few good school-books, say a grammar, dictionary, arithmetic, geography, a small treatise on natural philosophy, and a slate. Take two hours a day for study—an hour in the morning and an hour in the evening; or three-quarters of an hour in the morning, the same in the evening, and half an hour at noon. If you cannot get two hours a day, take one hour; if one hour is more than you can spare, take half an hour. Beware of attempting too much at first; you had better devote only half an hour to study every day, *and keep it up all your life*, than begin with two or three hours, and soon get tired. In the morning, spend your time upon your hardest study; in the evening, upon the next hardest; at noon upon the easiest. Never have more than three studies going on at once. To some young students, two studies are better than three. The grand rule about study is, not to pass over a page or a paragraph till you are sure you understand it. This is particularly necessary in arithmetic and all other mathematics. Another important thing is, not to be in a hurry to get to the end of a book or a subject. It is as unwise to study too fast as it is to eat too fast. Take your time. Chew the cud of knowledge. Think over what you are studying. If you can get a companion in your studies, it may be a great help to you; but do not wait for one; and if you get a companion, and he should give out, do not follow his example. Think well before you begin; but, having begun, stick to it. Meanwhile, do your duty faithfully on the farm, and as often as you can afford it, buy a book or two for your noonday and Sunday reading.

Jordan.—Some of the commonest of our garden vegetables, fruits and flowers, were originally brought from very remote countries. Rice, for example, is a native of Ethiopia. Buckwheat was brought from Asia. Water cress came from the island of Crete; cauliflower from Cyprus; asparagus from Asia; horse-radish from China; celery from Flanders; cabbage from Holland; beans from Greece; peas from Spain; the elder from Persia; apples from Syria; cherries from Italy; peaches from Persia. Not only were these and many other fruits and vegetables brought from far countries, but it has only been since the fourteenth or fifteenth century that they have been generally diffused over the earth. Three hundred years ago, the list of vegetables and fruits in common use in England and France did not include more than a third of those now familiar to every cottager. Even the potato was scarcely known as an article of food as late as the year 1720, either in England or in her American colonies.

L. N. N.—This correspondent is a lady who writes in behalf of the animals which are transported on the railroads from the western country to the eastern markets. She says that, in the most favorable circumstances, they suffer exceedingly from hunger, thirst and confinement, but in case of delay upon the road, which often happens, the torture of the poor creatures from thirst becomes most horrible to witness. She says that cattle are sometimes permitted, even in hot weather, to go forty-eight hours without water. She thinks that the protection of helpless creatures is among the most sacred duties of a civilized state, and that this particular grievance is important enough to justify special legislation. We heartily commend this subject to the consideration of those whom it particularly concerns.

Constant Reader.—As a general rule, business men who go into the country, and take to farming, make a bad failure of it. We infer from your letter that you are not likely to prove an exception to the rule. Don't be alarmed about the state of business. Furl your sails, and lay to till the storm blows over. We venture to predict that business next fall will not be much below the average. There is a chance of its being much above the average. There never was a better prospect of a plentiful harvest than there now is. Consider, also, the vast amount of supplies that may be required for half a million of men in arms.

Curious.—Voltaire was born in 1694, and died in 1778. On his death, the Archbishop of Paris refused to perform the burial service or to say mass for him, and he was buried secretly at the Abbey of Scellières near Romilly, by the Abbé Mignot, a nephew of Voltaire. It is said that his heart was removed soon after his death by the Marquis de Villette, in whose possession it remained until his decease, when it passed into the possession of his son, who has recently died; but on searching for the heart it was not to be found, nor has any clue to its present existence been discovered.

Ontario.—The mere fact of your enclosing a postage stamp to a stranger to whom you have written does not *entitle* you to a reply from him. Should he be a man of leisure, he would probably answer your letter; but if he were overrun with business, and his time very much occupied, he would probably pay no attention to your communication. When you write to a man for his autograph, he is of course at liberty to grant your request or to refuse it, as he may determine. In such a case you should always enclose a stamp.

Matelot.—Marine hospitals are supported by a fund derived from seamen's wages. When an American vessel comes into port, 20 cents per month is deducted from the seamen's wages during the voyage, and paid into this fund for the support of those hospitals in which sick and disabled seamen are cared for. Seamen of foreign vessels are received into hospitals in this country at a charge of seventy-five cents per day, which sum is paid by the master of the vessel to which the seaman belongs, and charged in the expenses of the ship.

J. G. O.—The celebrated Leipsic disputation occurred in June, 1519, in consequence of a challenge to debate given by Dr. Eck of the university of Ingolstadt to the professors of that of Wittemberg, one of whom was Martin Luther, and all of whom zealously advocated the principles of the Reformation. The question was the authority of the Pope; which was defended by Eck with great skill and learning, Luther being his most vehement opponent.

Marshal.—Marshal MacMahon is of Irish descent, but was born in the canton of Autun in France. He entered the army in 1827, as lieutenant of Hussars, and has risen through the different grades of rank to his present position of Marshal of France, which he received on the battle-field of Magenta, together with the title of Duke of Magenta, for gallant services performed there. It was he who planted the French colors on the celebrated Mamelon at the storming of Sebastopol in 1855.

Mungo.—Henry Clay fought two duels; the first with Humphrey Marshall, of the Kentucky legislature, in 1808, the second with John Randolph, of Virginia, in 1826. Mr. Clay was the challenger in both cases, and the offence was the same in both, namely, "words spoken in debate." The duel with Randolph was bloodless; in that with Marshall, both combatants were slightly wounded.

Student.—The peers of Great Britain are not "elected." They inherit their titles as they do their estates, and new peers are appointed by the sovereign. The only election known to the peers is the election of a certain number of Scotch and Irish peers to represent Scotland and Ireland in parliament. The peers themselves elect these representative peers, who sit in the House of Lords for life.

Judah.—The religious difference between you and your wife is not essential, and ought not to cause any trouble between you. Upon the main point you agree; that is, she is trying her best to be a good woman, and you are trying your best to be a good man. If you differ a little as to the best mode of accomplishing these purposes, what matters it?

J. B. S.—Wait until you get through with your university course, and then, if you and the lady still love each other, marry her. By that time, all parties who are interested on either side, will probably become reconciled to the match; but if they do not, you should not allow them to interfere with your happiness.

Sailor.—A "*ship's husband*" is an agent appointed by the joint-owners of a vessel to manage its affairs for the common benefit. One of the joint-owners is generally appointed to this position; but a person having no interest in the ship may be appointed such agent by the owners.

Camden.—Most of the revolutionary fathers have living descendants. John Adams has many; Jefferson has a considerable number; Franklin has nearly one hundred; Hamilton has a large number. With the exception of Gen. Washington, we scarcely know one leading patriot of that period whose family has become extinct.

Z. C.—"Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long on the earth." *That* commandment covers all the circumstances of your case, as you have stated it to us. No better advice than is in it contained, could be given to you.

E. G. C.—Bills of Exchange were not used by the Romans, but were introduced by the merchants of Lombardy and the south of Spain in the fourteenth century. They were first drawn in sets, as at present, in the year 1400.

A. Q.—You and your Canadian friends could no doubt find opportunities to enlist in Portland, Burlington, Ogdensburg, Buffalo, Detroit, or any frontier town.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our nex.*